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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There was no panic on the "Titanic", but—thanks to the silly scare about lifeboats among some old ladies and a few scared "friends of humanity"—there has been something unpleasantly like it on the "Olympic". May we not hear next that British firemen refuse to go to sea unless they are secured against all risk of their gunny sacks getting damp! The fiction, or the fact, seems to be that someone, probing curiously, made a hole in one of the new collapsible boats—whereupon the firemen collapse in a body, and the sympathetic seamen have to be assisted home by the police. Shades of Nelson and Collingwood!

The thin partition between the sublime and the ridiculous has been broken down by Senator Smith of the U.S.A., whose questions to the witnesses before the Committee on the loss of the "Titanic" are moving the laughter of the world. If this gentleman really represents the fine flower of American legislative wisdom—and if he does not, why was he made Chairman?—we cease to wonder that the Yankee eagle is doomed to flap its wings in a twilight of semi-civilisation. Why should British subjects be detained against their will at Washington in order that a blustering ignoramus may tease them with questions about the difference between the "bow" and "the head" of a ship, the origin of icebergs, and the use of watertight compartments? That is what everybody on this side of the water is wanting to know, and Mr. Munro Fergusson expressed the universal feeling when he asked the Foreign Secretary on what grounds and with what authority an inquiry was being held by a Committee of the American Legislature into the conduct of British sailors on the high seas.

In the circumstances we think Sir Edward Grey might have returned to his office and his place in the House of Commons. He has not taken that view of his duty, and his deputy, Mr. Acland, was obviously flustered when he answered that he did not know on what grounds the inquiry was being held by the said Committee; that either House of Congress had power by a statute of the United States to examine witnesses on oath, and, in case of refusal to appear or testify, to punish recusants by fine or imprisonment after conviction by a criminal court; and finally that no representation on the subject had been made by the British Government to the American Ambassador in London or to the British Ambassador in Washington. It is very doubtful whether the American statute is other than a domestic or municipal law, and therefore inapplicable to any but American subjects. The Committees of our Houses of Parliament are often authorised by resolution to send for persons, papers, and records, and to administer an oath.

But who ever heard of their detaining foreigners against their will and compelling them to give evidence? Mr. Acland admitted that there was no precedent—it is most important that no precedent should be set. The "Titanic" was a British ship, owned by a British company, flying the British flag; manned and officered by British subjects; the wreck occurred on the high seas. Senator Smith and his Committee are not even authorised by or a part of the American Government. As is well known, the Government of the United States is separated from the Legislature, and members of the Cabinet are not allowed to sit in either House of Congress. What the Government of one country may do to the subjects of another, it does at its peril, and under international law. But a Committee of the Legislature has no power whatever over foreign subjects. The whole business is illegal, and certainly contrary to the comity of nations.

If the inquiry by Senator Smith and his colleagues were being conducted in a courteous and judicial spirit, with the obvious intention of eliciting nothing but the facts, it would be pedantry between friendly nations to discuss its legality. But the inquiry has been conducted

in the most brutal and insulting manner, the chief object being apparently to fasten criminal negligence on individuals, who are unrepresented by counsel and not allowed to defend themselves. Hearst and his ruffianly staff have been allowed to publish day by day libels, which would have brought him within the arm of the criminal law of this country in twenty-four hours. How long is this to be allowed to continue? Mr. Ismay, the President of the International Mercantile Marine Company, and Mr. Franklyn, the Vice-President, wish to return to their own country, to attend to the affairs of that corporation, which sorely need their attention, and also to appear before a legally constituted tribunal of their countrymen. They are detained, practically as prisoners without warrant. The officers and the crew also want to return to their homes; they too are detained by the order of Senator Smith. If it were not so very serious, the affair would be ridiculous. Why does not Mr. Ismay claim the protection of his Ambassador, and insist upon his right to leave the country? Perhaps because he knows our Ambassador is Mr. Bryce.

It is, of course, true that the International Mercantile Marine Company is one of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's "combines", and that its capital is largely American. The White Star Company unwisely and unpatriotically allowed itself to be drawn into the net of the American financier. We have always been of opinion that the British Government ought to have forbidden the combination, for reasons which are now but too apparent. But the American financiers cannot have it both ways. They deliberately chose that the ships of the fleet should sail under the British flag, well knowing the advantage of that piece of bunting, and of sailors hitherto reckoned not wholly incompetent to navigate the seas. They cannot now turn round, after an accident, and claim the right to censure and control the actions of British ships. To do Mr. Morgan justice, we do not believe that he makes any such claim, or that he has had any hand in this inquiry. It is the politicians and the Press that are, as usual, making mischief. We have no sympathy with the attacks on Mr. Ismay, and most of the people, who now denounce him, would have acted as he did. What amount of blame he may have to bear for the deficiency of boats or binoculars, or the course the ship was taking, we leave to our own inquiry to decide. But as for his taking a seat in a boat, the cry of his accusers amounts to this, that to the other horrors of the "Titanic" he should have added the crime of suicide.

The American Press, outside the Hearst control, is now beginning to recognise the folly of this excited and inexpert body, and the "Tribune", among other papers, condemns it caustically. One is glad, too, to see that the chief naval organ in Germany calls for a truce. Very shortly the real inquiry should be set up in England, and, with Lord Mersey as chairman, we all know we shall have decency, dignity, and plenty of that rare article in times of emotion, common sense.

After reading carefully the whole of the evidence that really counts, one is convinced that the officers of the "Titanic" behaved splendidly; as did the crew, and the whole service on the ship. The passengers, men and women, with very few exceptions, were orderly and restrained. The charges of favouritism shown by officers and sailors for rich passengers are false, as the clear evidence of every officer examined proves. Mr. Senator Smith egregiously continues to ask witnesses in the boats why they did not return to the scene when the "Titanic" sank and the terrible cries arose. It is cruel and senseless to insist on such a question: the answer, of course, is that if a lifeboat with forty or fifty souls, chiefly women and children, is rowed into a mass of maddened, drowning men, it will be at once upset. There appear to be a few people who object to any salvage of life at sea unless it is the salvage of everyone; but not before in the history of men has one of these been called on to act as judge.

The National Convention has done as all knew it must do. It has echoed. The matter does not strike

one as highly important. But all Unionists must henceforth recognise this quite clearly and finally—that the Nationalists will act together, all sections, in a solid mass. We shall get nothing out of them worth having. The talk in the "Times" and elsewhere about the Bill not satisfying the Nationalists was not of account; and there is not the faintest chance of their breaking away from Liberals. The two parties are no more to be separated, and to live after the separation, than Siamese twins. In a way it is all the better for us—we know now beyond all question exactly what we have to fight, and must count on no defection from the ranks of the disloyalists.

No one can be surprised that the Government are for rushing the Home Rule Bill. Their whole idea is to smuggle it through as soon and as quietly as may be. They are afraid to let the people have a say in the matter, and naturally they do not want the people to think about it: they would like them neither to know nor think. So the second reading is to be taken on Tuesday—not a fortnight after the first reading—and then only six days to be allowed! Gladstone allowed five weeks' interval and twelve days' debate in 1893. Why is less time needed now? Sir Edward Carson was righteously angry. If the "Times" report is correct, Mr. Lloyd George's words were "very nearly equivalent to a fortnight of the time which the Government has at its disposal". That can only mean nearly fourteen Government days: instead of which the Government were in fact only giving six, if that. Sir Edward Carson was right.

Mr. Justin McCarthy was at one time spoken of by Parnell as a genius and at another as an excellent old gentleman for a tea party. Neither description was really good, though the second, dipped in gall, has become one of the most famous of all party personalities. Mr. McCarthy had nothing in the nature of genius, and his history was meant to be, and is, just "easy reading". But his literary work and his political work were not the best part of Mr. McCarthy. His strength lay in his unfailing sweetness. He seems to have been above meanness and spite of all kinds. No one had an ill word for Mr. McCarthy, and he for no one.

The Bill has no chance of passing—that is the general effect of the Welsh Disestablishment debate. It is easy of course to say this is only the wish fathering the thought; but at any rate Churchmen are very much more confident of defeating this attack than they were before the Bill was introduced; but they wished it as much before as after. Mr. McKenna's speech made one think he had once more been put up to introduce a Bill not meant to pass. He deserves compassion. He was made to introduce a monstrous Education Bill and then was left; another sop has to be thrown to the Nonconformists, and Mr. McKenna is kicked from the Admiralty, where naval communications were mending bad manners, by Mr. Churchill to do it. We cannot remember that Mr. McKenna ever passed a Bill—he may have, but certainly none of those with which his name has gone down. Mr. Asquith has had enough of Welsh Disestablishment Bills; he has touched pitch and been tarred. He will leave his friend to be feathered.

Mr. McKenna had but one argument: the Welsh people want it, therefore they must have Disestablishment. But even if he will not be happy until he has got it, baby cannot always have what he wants. Whether it is good for him and whether it is convenient for others comes in too. That only Disestablishment will make the Welsh people happy we are not so sure; for we know this: whenever Disestablishment is the main cry at an election, up goes the Conservative vote in Wales. We shall see it go up next time. But however keen the desire of Welsh Nonconformists to down the Church, they must really show some cause as well. This Mr. McKenna did not seriously try to do; and he was quite right. The only way to make a case for

Welsh Disestablishment is to point to the results of Welsh elections and refuse to give reasons. Give a reason and you are lost. How quickly Mr. McKenna hurried back from his excursions into history and law!

The only point attempted to be made on merits was privilege. Why put one Church over another? This, of course, is the real thing—jealousy barbed with envy. But if privilege is an honest objection, will they accept an offer of concurrent establishment of all the Christian communions in Wales? God forbid, they would cry in horror, that they should touch the unclean thing—the establishment of religion is wrong in itself. Then why all this talk about an alien Church and all her sins? Establishment must be just as wrong if she were pure Welsh and spotless. One must be forgiven a little scepticism, by the way, of Mr. McKenna's claim that the superior religious character of Welsh people proves the righteousness of Disestablishment. We would not for worlds say they were not as good as anybody else; but we are not quite sure that in truthfulness, honesty, and chastity they are superior to everybody else.

Easily the best two speeches in the debate were Lord Robert Cecil's and Sir John Simon's. Lord Robert, we were glad to note, laid stress on Establishment. If we disestablish the Anglican Church and establish no other, we leave the State as a State without any religion. Lord Robert happily hit off Mr. McKenna's inability to realise that the State is more than a heap of individuals as individualism, run mad. Lord Robert is a good deal of an individualist himself, which adds point to his remonstrance. Sir John Simon shows his superiority to the ordinary small harrier of the Church by frankly throwing over all attempt to question her title to the property which is to be taken from her. He knows that sort of argument is untenable and cheerfully sacrifices the Liberation Society and Mr. Griffiths. He takes a more subtle line, saying that our legal title is morally tainted. Why? Because the Church of to-day is different from the Church to which tithes were originally paid and donations made. But any way it is certain they were not made to the State. Sir John admits the Church has a title of one kind; but the State, to which he would hand the property, has a title to it of no kind.

Mr. Lloyd George made a very long speech stuffed with the crame repetita of Liberationist preaching. It is long since one has heard this sort of diatribe—this blackguarding of the Church, this hopeless ignorance of history, this blend of cant, unctious, and envy—really one was back in early and mid-Victorian days, when Liberalism was a power in the land. Mr. George at one moment became so offensive that in earlier days a duel could hardly have been prevented. He alone will be hurt by this sort of stuff. Mr. Ormsby-Gore answered him very well. Mr. George's claptrap about the Church and the aristocracy is shamed by the care of the Church for the Welsh poor—the very poor—for whom Nonconformists, as everywhere else, care little enough. The soul the Nonconformist politician would save is that of the prosperous tradesman. He can pay his viaticum.

The Government have refused to postpone National Insurance after 15 July. They may, if they wish, put off Part I. till January of next year, and Part II. till next October. But, just as the Insurance Bill was hurried prematurely into law, so its provisions are to be hurried half-baked into practice. The medical difficulty remains; many insurance societies are not yet approved; and vast numbers whom the Act will seriously affect have not yet begun to understand it. This haste is hard to follow. Does Mr. Lloyd George really expect to score by the Act beginning to work, or not work?

Meantime, though the Government seems determined that the Act shall be worked as it is, Unionists are firm in calling for amendment. The Amend-the-Act League met publicly for the first time on Tuesday. It was nine days old, but already counted ten thousand mem-

bers. It has been formed to do the work which Unionists, as Mr. Worthington Evans pointed out, would have liked to do in Parliament had the Parliamentary discussions been reasonably conducted. The League will get into touch with all who are willing to help amend the Act, and make it really workable. It hopes either to induce the Government to accept its suggestions, or, failing that, to be ready with an amended scheme against the time when a "better and more reasonable Government has taken its place".

The armour of that groggiest of giants, the People's Budget, has discovered a new flaw. Mr. Petyman's Land Union does good work in rubbing it in over the illegal action of the Government officials in "minus values". Unfortunately, the blunders of the Government in a matter like this are too likely to be overlooked when the Government is busy on more sensational schemes of disestablishing and disendowing the Empire; whilst, true to his timid policy, the Liberal of property and position is like the "little wise" man in Shensstone's poem, who,

"Rather than lose his whole estate,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises".

The official statement as to a new Liberal cave in South Wales begins in the usual way with a fortissimo declaration of independence. The old Gladstonian traditions are to be revived; the Labour party and the Socialists must be withstood. Sternly emphatic, it concludes with a statement that it will oppose the Government with independent candidates in all constituencies "where a contest can be entered into without serious prejudice to the interests of the party". "Prave orts" as usual. No, these Liberal independents "do not wish to cause needless embarrassment to the Government"; or themselves.

The Government of India Bill passed the House of Commons on Monday. The reading was almost wholly formal. The Bill merely provides machinery to carry out the changes announced at Delhi by the King. Little was said against them, because the Opposition has decided to keep Indian affairs outside party politics, an example their opponents will do well to imitate hereafter. The discussion could be but academic after the King's announcement, turning chiefly on the constitutional question of the exercise of his prerogative. The most serious aspect of the Bengal repartition—its possible effect on the Mohammedan community—was kept out of the debate. Perhaps it was just as well.

On the subject of the transfer to Delhi and its cost a good deal of talk is wasted. The "new city" is a myth. The city is there—the latest and greatest of many Delhis. All that is now wanted besides sanitation and roads is to construct a Government House—offices, Council Chamber, and some official quarters for the movable staff. Private enterprise should do the rest. Adornment and amenities can wait. The scheme is a big one no doubt. But there seems no reason why it should cost more than £4,000,000, or as much, if the right spot is selected. Possibly it will be found on the opposite or eastern side of the Jumna.

The German Government will have no difficulty in getting its two additional army corps. Only the Socialists in the Reichstag seriously opposed the increase. The National Liberal Leader not only supported it, but regretted that Germany was still so far from requiring universal military service that only 53 per cent. were taken of the population qualified to bear arms, while France took 84 per cent. These figures are not pleasant reading for us. More than ever one feels that what Lord Roberts said was true—we have not an army. It is not easy to realise that Germany, with all her military strength, uses up but 53 per cent. of her men fit to bear arms. What might not our strength be if we had enough of the spirit of self-sacrifice to accept conscription? Who then would talk of war to us?

The Campanile, "where it was and as it was", is rebuilt. The "master of the house" of Venice, who kept the lagoons for nearly a thousand years, is restored. The slow destruction of the Campanile began in 1388, when at a great moment of Venetian history—the Venetians had just beaten the Genoese from the Eastern Mediterranean—it was struck by lightning. Under Julius II. it almost had to be rebuilt, for it was shaken in the reign of Julius by earthquake, and again struck by storm. But till ten years ago the tower of Julius' period stood as in 1513. Its slow decay to the fall of ten years ago was symbolic of the decay and fall of Venice.

The new Campanile can no more be the Campanile of Antonio Grimani than a copy of the Venus of Praxiteles could be cherished as his own. The Campanile fell, and may not again be set up. The new tower is a faithful reproduction of the old, and one great bell—the largest of the five—was unbroken in the fall: *Ex immani ruina mire integrum*. But the old Campanile is the glory that was Venice: even those who thought it aesthetically marred the Piazza and S. Mark's mourned it when it fell. These critics were not silent when it was proposed to rebuild it. The case was different. The new tower, perhaps, will stand longer than the old. The mechanics of modern architecture have seen that the new is more surely founded. But who would venture to say that the history of the new Campanile will be written over with names and deeds to match the old? The loudest sect in Italy to-day is one that screams for a demolition of all her treasures.

The National Gallery has bought and exhibited a picture by a comparatively unknown English artist, a small genre piece by Henry Walton, who towards the close of the eighteenth and in the first part of the nineteenth century painted good small portraits and had a vogue with the engravers. Sir Charles Holroyd is to be congratulated. This is a little step towards making good one of our National Collection's gravest deficiencies, its extraordinary non-representation of our national art. We all, no doubt, feel rather sore because the Continental galleries have next to nothing British in them. Perhaps we shall yet manage to be first in our own field.

After all, we do "order" some things better in England than the most happily endowed of our artistic neighbours. So foreigners tell us, pointing to certain of our public celebrations, and so anybody must have thought who was present in S. Paul's upon S. George's Day. It is significant, particularly at this moment, that religion and tradition must be there if Englishmen in their collective and stately actions are to be moved to dignity and beauty. Of all lost dogs collective Englishmen without a religion are ever the saddest.

Somehow the effect was not less but more impressive than the gorgeous service of 1910. All was very brief and simple. A hymn, the Lesson from Ecclesiasticus, "Let us now praise famous men", then the voice of Blue Rod reading the names of members who had died in the past two years: "His Majesty Edward the Seventh, the Sovereign and Chief of the Order". A long pause, and the other names. Then, after a hymn, the King of Arms says: "Let the banner of the late Sir Robert Hart, Knight Grand Cross, be now reverently removed from its place and delivered into the hands of the Usher of the Blue Rod". A verger gently disengages the banner from its place, and Blue Rod receives it and bears it to the King of Arms, who raises it a moment on high, then lays it reverently on the altar steps. So Lord Onslow's banner and Lord Sanmore's. In these solemn rites perhaps even Mr. McKenna might see something, even if only something to be swept away by the Nonconformist broom. By the way, the great doors of S. Paul's flung wide open so that the Cathedral opened on the street, and the street—transfigured in that rare light—centred on the Cathedral was the greatest effect of all.

AN AMERICAN INQUISITION.

SINCE Talleyrand studied democracy at close quarters, there has seldom been seen a worse example of its failure than the Smith Committee of the American Senate which is supposed to be inquiring into the loss on the high seas of a ship flying the British flag. Armed with all the power of democratic laws, the Smith Committee is forcibly detaining the witnesses urgently required by the British Court for evidence essential to the safe running of over half the world's steamship tonnage. As the Senate is acting in defiance of all precedent and international law, elementary common sense should suggest to the Committee the need for some regard for decency, even if they cannot feel that a poignant tragedy, with its tale of common suffering, should draw the two nations closer together, and not be needlessly turned into a cause of estrangement. How then are we to use words to criticise a Committee which conducts itself in a way supplying its own condemnation, in a way which would indeed have induced the cynical Talleyrand to give it all the notoriety Senator Smith apparently desires, but only for the purpose of adding point to his famous definition of democracy. We do not expect delicacy from democracy, but merely fair play should have prevented the bullying and black-guarding to which Mr. Ismay has been subjected. It is monstrous that the British witnesses should have had their measure of suffering exacerbated by the questions of incompetent men decked out by democracy with a temporary authority—questions so ludicrous as to turn "the inquiry" into an *opéra bouffe* and to cause spectators to forget the awful solemnity of the occasion and to burst out laughing. Let us put aside Senator Smith's injudicious interview and his accusations of bad faith because Mr. Ismay rightly endeavoured to get the crew home promptly for the only legal inquiry in England; let us forget what the "Washington Post" calls his stump speeches during the evidence, and let us judge the man by his questions. A man who asks whether the "Titanic" sank head on or by the bow, and as to why in a sinking ship passengers could not take refuge in the watertight compartments, has probably never seen a ship. To question whether explosions make a noise, to inquire what icebergs are made of, and whether a temperature of forty-eight degrees means "above or below", is to suggest that he has never been to school. To one officer who was a total abstainer this grand Inquisitor suggested that he was drinking on the night of the disaster. We are content to believe that Senator Smith was perfectly sober when he asked these questions, but a little unfitted for his position. To start as a messenger boy and ultimately to become a lawyer and a senator is no doubt to Mr. Smith's credit, but it does not give the requisite training for Mr. Smith's present position. Under the laws of the United States any person refusing to answer the questions of a Senate Inquiry is guilty of a misdemeanour. It is the duty of British subjects to obey the laws of the country they find themselves in, and we advance no claim for any hospitality that might be customarily given to those who are saved from wrecks at sea and have endured hardship and suffering. But is the British Government to stand idly by any longer while its subjects are treated as prisoners at large, cross-examined by an ignorant bully as though they bore the brand of Cain, and never utter one single word of diplomatic protest? If this view is seriously taken by the Government and their former colleague, Mr. Bryce, then so long as there is no blocking motion to prevent the discussion, it is possible to raise the question and give voice to the indignation of our people, shared as we believe it to be by the best Americans, and move the adjournment of the House. Should a blocking motion stand in the way, then we trust Mr. Bonar Law will not shrink from asking a day for a vote of censure. If a Government will not govern and will not resign, it must be kicked into doing its duty. In the meantime the question is being asked whether the transactions of the Smith Committee can be received as evidence in this country. We hardly

think so. The atmosphere of that Committee has been the pure sensationalism of the Yellow Press. Under the sting of taunts, unassisted by counsel, men have been forced to reply to questions which those who asked scarcely understood any better than those who replied, many of them mere traps for simple sailors, and in such circumstances it would be impossible to admit the evidence without reviewing the procedure, which is a thing that we would rather forget when we conduct our own affair.

We see no need to cite the Smith Committee as an example of how not to do it. Lord Mersey may be trusted to conduct a judicial inquiry as soon as Senator Smith will allow us to have our witnesses, and meanwhile the whole subject is sub judice. But certain issues have already solved themselves in connexion with the safety of ships at sea. It is now universally felt that though the "Titanic" is not a case in point, since her boats were not used to their full capacity, the salutary troopship rule of boats and rafts to accommodate all on board must be extended to all steamers. Furthermore, boat, fire, and collision drills and adequate manning arrangements are essential. Probably the manning question can only be solved by the revival of the apprentice system, and the disloyalty with which shipowners have recently had to contend is likely to make them hark back to the old method which exists in Germany to-day. The problem may be difficult in the steamers plying for the railway companies to Ireland, France and Holland. Their plea that help is always near at hand is entitled to some consideration. Improvement is probably more necessary in their case than in any other, for they are at times terribly crowded, and work in foggy parts where commerce converges, and the very reason which brings succour near also adds to the risks of collision. We believe that after increasing the life-saving appliances the solution lies in reducing the number of passengers allowed, and that the problem will solve itself in time with large and unsinkable ferry steamers.

We have already drawn attention to the necessity of all British passenger steamers and many cargo vessels being equipped with the best wireless apparatus. The matter concerns safety in war as well as peace, for every vessel is a potential scout. In passenger steamers the wireless ought to be available day and night. This cannot be done with less than two skilled operators and one apprentice, with sleeping accommodation in the vicinity of the apparatus. The nature of the work requires alert faculties and sufficient rest. In Newfoundland itself a wireless station should gather and pass on all the latest information concerning ice and derelict vessels. We do not think that the expense of an international investigation into the ice and derelict questions would be so great as to leave a doubt in any mind as to the benefit derived being worth it. What is wanted is a common purse from which compensation can be paid to those who help on the investigation at some loss to themselves by, say, destroying derelicts or deviating from their course to assist the common cause of humanity. We do not desire to see any panic rule about the lanes for shipping to pursue adopted, possibly to the detriment of our Canadian trade. To race through ice-strewn waters by night at twenty-one knots is of course sheer folly; but we do not see why, say, the cautious owners of the Allan Line should be penalised because this has been done by somebody else. In our judgment a lane may be perfectly safe one year, and one even further south may be quite unsafe another year. This year many icebergs have been encountered over a hundred miles south of where the "Titanic" sank. Last year the same spot could have been passed over in perfect safety at high speed. The first essential is information, and the lanes for shipping must conform to the information. Too much regulation may have as paralysing an effect on our merchant skippers as the old Fighting Instructions had on our admirals. The subject is not one on which critics can pronounce ex cathedra, but only after patient investigation in which, while safety is the first consideration, we do not act harshly and inconsiderately to those who have built up

our great mercantile marine because now we think and talk in the shadow of a disaster which could have been avoided.

THE SIX-AND-EIGHTPENNY BILL.

MR. McKENNA, Minister of Education, said he would bring a sword. Mr. McKenna, Home Secretary, has brought one, and the way he wielded it on Tuesday was worthy of Mr. Welch in "When Knights were bold". A sword is always a dangerous weapon; Mr. McKenna must be careful. It was a curious sight to see him struggling with it. Behind him was a motley company of three score followers. There were the thirty-one Welsh members, of whose mandate we heard so much in the debate, the chosen of the Chancellor upon whom knighthoods and baronetcies and recorderships have been raining in such copious streams; and there was the little phalanx of the English Nonconformists, the Tabernacle men little accounted of in the present House of Commons. But where was the Prime Minister? It was Mr. Asquith who fought the 1895 Bill. Yet his interest is so small in what is not only the second measure of his programme but the waxwork copy of his own Bill that he did not take the trouble to sit and sleep in the House whilst Mr. McKenna blundered on. Where was Mr. Churchill? It was Mr. Churchill who spoke of freeing Wales from its alien Church. Surely he might have come to support his successor at the Home Office. The Nationalist benches were of course bare; there was good reason for that; they were at the Convention. But their votes would not be lost, nor the Government with them. For had not the division been arranged for Thursday, when they would be back at Westminster?

It was very different in 1895; the Liberationists were then a power in the land. It was different even in 1909; the political Nonconformists controlled the 1906 Parliament. If Mr. McKenna's Bill stood on its merits, it would be dead to-morrow; if it were referred to a secret ballot of the Radical party, it would be dead the day after. And yet it has been given a place of honour in the Government programme, and is to be rammed through a gagged House of Commons and passed over the heads of a disabled House of Lords. Not even appearances are to be regarded, for in the teeth of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's pledges the details of the Bill are to be taken from the House and the public and smuggled through a Standing Committee. Was there ever a greater outrage, not so much upon the House of Commons—for in present conditions people have ceased to care for the House of Commons—but upon a democratic country?

The Bill is the Bill of 1895 and 1909 with one material alteration. The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are to be allowed to continue the grants to the four disestablished dioceses. How they could ever have been prevented from continuing these grants, if they had so willed, it is difficult to see. But this so-called concession serves one useful purpose; it makes hay of Mr. McKenna's history. Tithes, so said this new Stubbs, are a tax; the State has the right to resume this tax, and the tithes of the Welsh dioceses—those at least that are still in the possession of the parishes—are therefore to be confiscated. With the same breath he lauded his magnanimity in allowing Queen Anne's Bounty and the Ecclesiastical Commission to pay Wales some £60,000 a year, the greater part of which comes directly and indirectly from these tithes that he declares to be a national tax. The concession has at least given Mr. McKenna a cry. Let 6s. 8d. hang for ever round his neck. When he told the House that so great was his generosity that he would leave the Church, not 1s. 6d. but 6s. 8d. in the pound, 6s. 8d. of its own property, the Opposition, with a burst of ironical laughter, gave him the one cheer that he received during the whole of his speech. Every parish in the country should ring with 6s. 8d. No longer sing a song of sixpence, but make a speech of six-and-eightpence. Heckle every member of this lawyer Government with 6s. 8d. Let 6s. 8d. haunt them in the

House and out of it. Mr. McKenna in future is the six-and-eightpenny Minister. This is the generosity that he had hinted in vague and general terms to the deputations of Liberal Churchmen, 6s. 8d. in the pound of the Church's own property. The Bishop of Hereford had reason to smile in triumph from the Peers' Gallery; the Dean of Lincoln and his Liberal Churchmen had made no impression on their party leaders. Such is the fate of Liberal Churchmen. The Bishop of Hereford must have been gratified for another reason. Mr. Lloyd George, for some weeks suffering from nostalgia, has in his own words "got home" to Limehouse, and in his journey has discovered that the Church of England was created in the year "fifteen hundred and something" by an Act of Parliament to succeed to the Church of Rome. It has suited many party politicians like the Bishop of Hereford and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to hold this view. But what does the Bishop of Birmingham think of his brother of Hereford, or what does Mr. Asquith, who on the second reading of the 1895 Bill expressly exposed this perversion of history, think of his Chancellor of the Exchequer? Beside the Bishop of Hereford sat the Bishop of S. David's, fresh from the great demonstration of Welsh protest at Carnarvon. Dr. Owen has fought a great fight in the country. Not even the Midlothian campaign can surpass it. If concessions have been made and are to be made, they are due not to the generosity of the Government but to the fear that the Bishop and his band have put into the hearts of the Radical caucus. Not 6s. 8d., or even 20s., will satisfy the Church, for to the Churchmen who count the Establishment is worth more than the Endowments, the principle much dearer than the pence. This dishonest and disreputable Bill will be destroyed, first by 6s. 8d., and, secondly, by the resolution of Churchmen. In both their Bills the Government are up against a new force in party politics. Between them and Home Rule is the character of Ulster. Between them and Welsh Disestablishment are the convictions of the Church.

NATIONALISM—BY INSTALMENTS.

THE "Irish National Convention" meeting at Dublin on Tuesday was admirably staged. Not for nothing have the leaders of the Nationalist party studied the art of political management in the United States of America. Not indeed that Mr. Devlin, who is the Carnot of the movement, the organiser of victory for the Redmondites, stands in any need of lessons from abroad. Chicago or Cincinnati can have little to teach him when it comes to concentrating the enthusiasm of a great multitude of persons and discharging it in the right direction and at the right moment. The gathering at the Dublin Mansion House was meant to be "imposing", and it did impose. It has set the Ministerial Press in England shrieking with delight over the energy and the unanimity with which the "Irish people" have accepted the Asquith makeshift. Their jubilation is mingled with relief. There was a lively apprehension in some quarters that the note of dissent would be inconveniently insistent, and that there might be an ungracious suggestion that the Ministerial "boon" is worth little at its face value, and only tolerable on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. It was even feared that there might be emphatic demands for those drastic amendments in Committee which would make the Bill a little more like the genuine article for which Irish Separatists and their supporters have fought.

Nothing of the sort happened. The meeting was impressive in its unity as well as its composition. It would be idle to deny that it included influential representatives, not indeed of the Irish people but of three-quarters of them. Priests were there, of course; but also well-to-do and prosperous looking farmers, tradesmen, business men, school teachers, some lawyers, and members of the professional classes. Nor need it be suggested that the enthusiasm so exuberantly displayed was not for the most part genuine enough.

The Irish are a warm-hearted race singularly open to suggestion and with a national capacity for plunging into sudden spasms of gratitude. All their history shows how easy it is to "enthuse" them for a cause and a man, if it also proves that their ebullitions are mostly short-lived. Just now the "tip" has gone out from the political bosses that the right thing is to be grateful to the English Liberal party for what the Dublin resolution describes as its "honest and generous attempt to settle the long and disastrous quarrel between the British and Irish nations". This is the kind of thing that appeals to Celtic sentiment. There is the old phantasm of the Saxon oppressor brought upon the stage again; and as a set-off the picture of the devoted band of British statesmen generously yielding to Ireland's cry for justice, and so bringing into being a new era of goodwill and sympathy. It would be destroying an illusion, quite pathetic and almost poetic, to suggest that the "quarrel" is a figment, that at any rate it died out before Mr. Asquith was born, and that his Bill, from this point of view, is not only futile but superfluous. Large numbers of persons in Ireland, Catholic and Celtic Ireland, have been very skilfully worked up to the belief that they are going to get back their long-withheld rights through the aforesaid noble and generous conduct of the British Liberal leaders, and they are quite ardently disposed—at least for the moment—to regard these Ministers and their Bill with effusive cordiality. The union-of-hearts is in favour just now: to be promoted by the disunion of the Administration. An emotion, especially in Ireland, is not the less genuine because its basis is vague; and we need not doubt that many hundreds of the Dublin delegates were sincerely pleased when they found themselves shouting vociferous applause over the highly correct and conciliatory sentences of Mr. Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Devlin, and the other speakers. What matters it if some of these same Imperialists did a few years ago cheer the Mahdi and illuminate over the successes of the Boers? But we must make some distinction between populace and politicians. The shrewd persons who organised the Dublin meeting cannot really be deceived as to the true character of the third Home Rule Bill. They know perfectly well that the Bill as it stands will not make "Ireland a nation". They must be aware that from this point of view the scheme is a muddled sham. If they aspire, as they do, to Irish nationality, if they are working, as they always have worked, for administrative and political independence, they must be deeply disappointed with the Government measure. What does the Bill give them which would really fulfil the ambitions avowed from a thousand Irish and Irish-American platforms during the past thirty years? It creates an assembly called a "Parliament" which, in spite of its pompous title, is technically as limited in its prerogatives as the Provincial Legislature of Ontario or Manitoba. It renders Irish Acts subject to the veto of the Crown, exercised upon the advice of the "alien" Minister in London, and subject also to the overriding and supervisory authority of the Parliament at Westminster. It denies to Irishmen the right to legislate upon many subjects of undoubted domestic interest, including in particular the two subjects about which they care most—religion and land tenure. How can a nation be self-governing when it may not even settle its own laws of marriage and divorce, as every American State does? The Bill creates an Irish revenue department, but it does not permit it to collect the Irish taxes by means of its own officers. It sets up an Irish executive, and it does not even hand over to that body the control of police and the constabulary to enable it to carry out the duties entrusted to it by its constituents. Irish Ministers, in Home Ruled Ireland, will have to apply to Whitehall if they seek to enforce the Constitution or to suppress a riot. If Irish politicians who "stand where Parnell stood", when he took his historic coat off to give Irishmen all the rights of "nationhood", are content with this pasteboard Charter, they are very easily deceived.

But Mr. Devlin and his colleagues have not been taken in. They know very well what they are about. They are much too keenly logical to believe the favourite piece of Liberal claptrap which was embodied in the Dublin Resolution. They are assuredly intelligent enough to understand that Irish nationalism and the union of the United Kingdom are incompatible with one another; and that Colonial independence, not provincial subordination, is the goal at which they have been aiming. Why, then, have they used all their influence with the masses of Nationalist Ireland to get the present Bill endorsed? Obviously because they are convinced that under the new Constitution they will in due course obtain all they want. If they thought there was any finality in the scheme they would reject it as brusquely as they destroyed Mr. Birrell's Irish Councils Bill. But Mr. Redmond and his lieutenants have succeeded in persuading the ablest political element in Ireland that the present measure is worth taking because it can be used as a lever to extort larger concessions. As Nationalist Home Rule it is worthless; as a stepping-stone from which the full platform may eventually be reached it is of the utmost value. The Irish Parliament, the Irish Ministers, and the Irish members at Westminster, will work together steadily and ceaselessly to abolish the British veto and to attenuate British control. The process which Parnell invented and Mr. Redmond inherited will be applied again and again till the Nationalist ideal has been realised and Ireland has exchanged the limited provincial privileges of the present Bill for true Colonial autonomy. This is the reason why the Separatist managers are willing to accept the Bill, and why they thought it desirable to permit the Nationalist Convention to grow enthusiastic over it.

UNIONIST POOR LAW REFORM

THE Report of the Unionist Social Reform Committee on Poor Law Reform is of considerable interest not only to the Unionist party but to the public generally. Conservative Poor Law reform comes as the second instalment of the programme which is being elaborated by this active and numerous section of the Opposition; it follows the Housing Bill, which is now awaiting its turn in the Standing Committee. The names of the members of the House who have taken a prominent part in working out this particular scheme are a sufficient guarantee that their proposals, whether acceptable as a whole or not, will be worthy of the most careful consideration. Mr. J. W. Hills, Lord Henry Bentinck, Lord Alexander Thynne, Mr. Charles Bathurst, all of them know the needs of the people and are experienced in local administration. Mr. Burns would be well advised, after the slap in the face that he received over the Unionist Housing Bill, to drop his contemptuous affectation that his is the last, and, indeed, the only word, on Poor Law reform, and that anyone who ventures to differ from him is both a fool and an amateur. If he persists in adopting this line on Poor Law he will only have another bad fall, which might serve as an excuse for his dismissal from a Cabinet which is reported to be not enamoured of his continued presence in it.

There is, of course, embodied in this document a large amount of ground which is common to every one of the three reports so far issued. Where the Minority and Majority and the County Councils Association's Reports have agreed, the Unionist Poor Law Committee have not found any reason to differ. The general proposals of the Committee can be described in a single sentence. They are both extremely conservative and extremely sweeping. They are conservative because they propose to retain practically intact, except in form, the bodies which at the present moment administer the Poor Law; they are sweeping in so far as they propose to abolish the system under which every class of pauper, unemployed, mentally defective, sick, or youthful, or aged, is treated simply as a case of destitution, and to substitute for that system special and

appropriate treatment by different bodies for each individual case.

The only changes in administrative machinery are the creation of a Public Assistance Committee and Co-ordination Committee of the County Council, the transference of the unemployed or able-bodied pauper under certain conditions to the National Authority for purposes of training, the handing over of the control of the mentally defective from the County Council to the National Authority, the speeding up of the system of local administration by giving the County Council greater financial and supervising control over the subordinate and more local authority, and the change, more of name than of fact, from the Boards of Guardians to the Health and Public Assistance Committees of the District Councils. These changes, formidable as they may appear, are not very great, considering the mass of administrative arrangements which they leave undisturbed. In fact, the line of criticism that will probably be taken is that they err on the side of caution. We think this is so in the width of the powers allotted to the old Guardians, who are really in the main the District Councils. While it is perfectly true that the administration of immediate relief must be done by people on the spot, and that similarly the recommending authority which hands over the destitute to the special body, which ought to deal with him, must consist of people who know the whole circumstances of the case, it would have been better if a more centralised control than that proposed had been given to the County Councils. The local committees might have been appointed by the County Council, and a uniform county rate could then have been levied within the whole administrative area. We hope that some amendment increasing the effective control of the County Councils over the smaller authorities will still commend itself to the Unionist party. There is, after all, plenty of time. There is not a shadow of a chance of Liberalism touching a question which affects so vitally enormous masses in this country, and the next Unionist Administration, after repealing the Parliament Act, will be obliged to give first attention to the reform of the tariff.

The more radical proposals are not so very radical in one sense, in that three-quarters of these proposals are common ground to every type of Poor Law reformer, and are embedded in all three reports. But they are radical in that the changes involve a completely different attitude of mind towards the subject of the Poor Law. The existing system is based on the idea that the only question you have to ask the applicant for relief is simply "Are you destitute?" If the answer is in the affirmative, and satisfactory to the relieving officer and to the Guardians, the only remaining thing the Poor Law Authority has to do is to provide either indoor or outdoor relief. With the causes or cure of destitution that authority has nothing further to do. The case thus becomes a case of pauperism. It is not a case of unemployment, of mental deficiency, of sickness, or of the other cases which lead to destitution. It is on this bedrock conception that all the evils and mistakes of the present system are based. The horrors of the mixed workhouse, with children and mentally defectives jostling each other in the same ward, evils which the L.G.B. is in a blundering and hesitating way trying to abolish, are due to this fundamental idea. Similarly, the Poor Law Authority has nothing to do with any methods of permanent improvement. The applicant may come in one day, go out the next, and in again the day after and it not be the business of the Board of Guardians to inquire into his circumstances, to find out whether he is a vagrant or a ne'er-do-weel, or simply a man out of employment for whom through the Labour Exchange some kind of work might be provided, or in default some kind of training might be given which would lead to employment in the future. A more wasteful, blundering, and, in the long run, more expensive system it is impossible to imagine.

The fundamental idea, then, of this new Report is to apply something like the old machinery of local and

Imperial administration to meet that new demand for separate or curative treatment which nearly all the reformers feel to be necessary. The classes to be treated fall into five groups—the unemployed, the mentally defective, the sick, the children and the aged. The unemployed fall to the National Authority. It is clear, indeed, that no local body could possibly undertake the task of finding work for a man or of training him for some trade, in default of immediate work being available, at a training colony or day training centre, or in the ultimate resort, of putting him in a detention colony as a vagrant and a wastrel and a nuisance to society. Only the central Government could have sufficient knowledge of the industrial conditions prevailing in the whole country, and only the central Government could have the expert resources at its disposal for dealing with the unemployed in an adequate manner. What the local Public Assistance Committee does, then, in the case of destitution through unemployment, is to recommend the man to the local Labour Exchange if it thinks fit, to decide whether it is a case where the home ought to be broken up or not, and to administer such outdoor relief as it thinks necessary. The institutional treatment of the mentally defective is also clearly a thing better done by one big central department than by forty counties. Next on the list of cases comes that of the sick. These are to be dealt with by the Health Committee of the District Council, who will administer all outdoor medical assistance. All institutions, however, are to be under the management of the Health Committee of the County Council. At the same time financial powers are to be given to the County Council in order to see that the minor authority does its duty properly, and that more than one system and scale of relief is not being worked in different parts of the same administrative area.

Passing over the aged for the moment, there remains the sixth local body which is to deal with the residue left unprovided for by the other authorities—the Public Assistance Committee. This is an original proposal of great value, and by its acceptance the Report states "the whole scheme stands or falls". In spite of the determination of the authors of the Minority Report to take everybody "out of the Poor Law", they themselves were driven back in the ultimate resort to the creation of a County Registrar to co-ordinate the various work of the several county committees, and to deal bureaucratically with the residue of cases. All other reformers have come to the conclusion that you cannot avoid having a local authority or officer who shall give immediate relief and shall possess the same sort of knowledge of applicants as is to-day possessed by the Guardians and the relieving officers. This work the Public Assistance Committee will do.

On the whole the proposals of the Unionist Social Reform Committee, although they are not without defects comparatively easily amended, appear to us to be at once by far the most practical and the least revolutionary suggestions that have been put forward.

GERMAN MILITARY POLICY.

PLEASANT or unpleasant for us, one must admire Germany's determination in adding yet more to her vast expenditure on military force. Over and over again we have been told that no nation could stand the strain of maintaining a big army and a big fleet simultaneously; and in the past Germany has been singled out as an example of the truth of the axiom which is now proved a fallacy. The Germans have done it. In addition to their great army, they already have gone far to make a great fleet. Now, after their experiences last summer, they propose to increase yet further their military resources by two army corps. As an actual increase of men in an army whose war strength consists of four millions of men, an addition of some hundred thousand men may seem a small matter. But when we consider the reserve-making capabilities of an increase like this, it is apparent that it will form no inconsiderable addition to the strength even of an army of such magnitude. Moreover, one advantage to a War Office in an increase of establishment

and cadres is that this involves many other additions besides those of mere men. They will be justified, and indeed be bound, to increase considerably their complement of horses, one of the most important factors in modern warfare, and likely to continue so, in spite of present and future mechanical developments. Guns, transport, and numerous other increases also will be involved thereby. Also, as General von Heeringen, the Prussian Minister of War, pointed out in the Reichstag, the new formation, besides enabling the Government to give a military training to a larger number of recruits, provides them with an opportunity of finding posts for a much larger number of staff officers in peace time, with the result that these would be better fitted for their posts in war. For it must be realised that this increase of big units would in any case have become a necessity in time of war, so great is the disparity between the peace and war organisation of the German Army—650,000 against four millions. This will be an enormous advantage. Minor units under the old conditions would have become too swollen; and consequently, when war broke out, some new machinery would have had to be extemporised. As it is, a certain amount of extemporisation will be necessary, because a force which takes the field with over a score of army corps must arrange for some still higher organisation in army corps groups, as was done, in a more limited degree, in 1870. At any rate, in the German Army in future there will be fewer changes in the event of mobilisation than hitherto.

The pertinent question which now arises is how will this increase affect the balance of military power between France and Germany? According to the latest estimates, the German population consisted in 1910 of 64,903,423 souls, of whom females outnumbered males by some 800,000, still leaving a residue of over 32 million males to tap; which, whilst making ample allowance for those unfit to serve, and those required for naval purposes, still allows plenty of material to be drawn upon. With France the case is somewhat different. We know that the French birth-rate is practically at a standstill; and that, at the last census taken in 1906, the total population was returned at 39½ millions, although we have no detailed information as to the proportion of males and females. Still, owing to the strenuous nature of conscription in France, and the virtual abolition of exemptions, it is not very likely that the French authorities can much increase their military forces. The figures of the French Army now are a peace establishment of 500,000 against the German 650,000, and a war footing of 3,500,000 against four millions, the cost being respectively 33 as against 37 millions. No doubt France would be willing to spend more, but it is questionable if she could get the men, whatever she spent. In this connexion also it is interesting to note that France spends 16½ millions on her Navy, and maintains a personnel of 58,649 men, whilst Germany spends 22 millions and keeps 60,000 men. According to the new French Navy Law, however, 56 millions are to be spent on shipbuilding between the years 1912 and 1919. It is possible that the French forces may in some respects be more modern and better armed than the Germans; but it will require a great superiority in efficiency and generalship to counterbalance the difference in numbers between the two armies. As to generalship, obviously we are completely in the dark as regards both cases. Neither country possesses a general on the active list who can have had any experience of European warfare, or indeed of any warfare on a large scale, except in a very subordinate capacity.

The part that we can take in military operations, if we should unhappily again be engaged in a European war, is not very reassuring or satisfactory. Presumably we are bound to help France to the extent of our expeditionary force of 160,000 men. But how can this handful of men, compared with the vast Continental hosts, materially affect the issue? The effect, however, of sending over this force to help France might have very serious consequences for us. If an enemy, temporarily neglecting the general course of the campaign,

were to concentrate in vastly predominating numbers against us, the result might be painful to contemplate, however well our forces might acquit themselves. But until we alter radically the whole basis of our military policy, it is difficult to see how we can place ourselves in a more satisfactory position.

THE CITY.

THE most sensational event in the City this week was the Indian loan fiasco. Though it was not expected that the issue would be fully subscribed the underwriters did not anticipate being required to take up anything like 87 per cent. of the total amount of £3,000,000. The failure may be partly attributed to the absence of investment demand from quarters which are affected by the "Titanic" disaster, but it also suggests that the ordinary investing public requires an interest yield of at least 4 per cent. even when the security is absolutely sound; for, while the subscriptions for the Indian loan only amounted roughly to £400,000, some other capital issues giving a higher yield with less security have been successfully placed. As a matter of fact the present taste of the public is for something of a more speculative character.

Consols have been strengthened by the improved monetary position reflected in an excellent Bank return. The Italian attack on the Dardanelles forts acted as a reminder of the continuance of the hostilities between Italy and Turkey, and caused a reaction in a few international stocks; but the Stock Exchange was not disturbed by this influence.

In the Home Railway department attention has been mainly devoted to South Eastern and Chatham stocks, which have served as a medium for speculation on the possibilities of Kent coal. Stiff contango rates enforced by nervous dealers who are easily alarmed by a fair-sized bull account in their particular market induced considerable profit-taking in Dover "A" and "little Chathams", and there is now less confidence in the prospects of the Kent coalfields. After a sharp reaction the two stocks mentioned recovered fractionally, and Brighton "A" then came into favour. Other railway stocks have been comparatively quiet as traffic returns have not improved in the manner anticipated on the termination of the coal strike.

Good buying of Canadian Pacifics has carried the stock up to a new high record, the traffic receipts of the company being most satisfactory. As regards the share-splitting rumours, it is now stated that nothing in that direction could be effected without the consent of the Dominion Parliament. In spite of the corroboration of the worst fears regarding Mr. C. M. Hays, the president of the Grand Trunk Railway, the securities of the company have been in strong request. This apparently untimely display of bullishness is not so strange as it may seem. The reviews of Mr. Hays' career have brought into relief the great value of his services to the company in effecting drastic reforms, which are now bearing fruit; it is also shown that the large expenditure which he insisted upon devoting to improvement of rolling stock and permanent way has been practically completed. Moreover, it is thought that his successor will not exercise such autocratic power in putting profits back into the road. Consequently dividend prospects are said to be more promising than at any time in the history of the undertaking.

Among Foreign rails the good impression created by the Mexican Railway report has been negated to some extent by the chairman's intimation at the meeting that relatively poor traffics must be expected for some time owing to the disturbed condition of the country. Argentine rails are now favourably discussed in the expectation of big traffics. Leopoldina stock has been subject to heavy selling on well-founded rumours of a decreased dividend. Latterly a recovery has occurred based on reports that a settlement with the Government has been arranged which will stop the unfair competition of the Central (State) Railway. The rumour unfortunately

lacks confirmation. American rails have no distinctive feature, although the acceptance of Washington intervention in the coal dispute is generally regarded as a hopeful sign.

In the Industrial market Marconis have had a "shake out" and have since regained strength. Apparently the well-informed insiders have once more secured handsome profits, and have resumed the bull tack. In conservative circles it is thought that all the Marconi good news is now "out" and there is nothing more to "go for". The bulls, however, aver that there is still some more news to be disseminated in due course. P. and O. deferred stock, despite the alarm caused by the loss of the "Titanic", has resumed its sensational advance.

In the Mining section nobody seems able to get at the facts of the Nigerian Tin position. All sorts of rumours—mainly alarmist—are in circulation, and the big bear clique have been making handsome profits. In the Rhodesian department the Bucks Reef bubble was exploded by a brief but pointed official cablegram announcing unfavourable developments, and stale bulls are now inquiring who was responsible for the fabrications which caused the rise.

A big business has been done in oil shares, the favourites being Ural Caspians and Mexican Eagles; both of these companies should participate handsomely in the rapid development of the oil industry.

Messrs. Speyer Brothers yesterday offered 70,000 6 per cent. cumulative Preference shares of the Dominion Steel Corporation, Limited, at £19 per \$100 shares. At the rate of exchange fixed for payment of dividends the interest works out at £6 10s. per cent. As the earnings of the company have averaged during the past five years enough to pay the dividend on the Preference shares—the first issued by the company—several times over, the security should be attractive. We understand that the issue was over-subscribed by eleven o'clock yesterday morning.

THE COMEDY OF NINEPINS.

By JOHN PALMER.

EVERYONE is familiar with the comedy of ninepins. Many playgoers find it an extremely lively form of entertainment: others think it dreary in the extreme. I will describe it as briefly as possible from my own point of view.

The author of our comedy has—shall we say?—a prejudice against marriage. Forthwith he undertakes to prove that marriage is an absurd and antiquated institution, under which only fools can reasonably be happy; that it

... "takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there";

that it baulks the best and noblest of humankind of their lawful right to take for themselves the reward of merit. And how does our author prove it? Nothing is simpler. He puts into his play some champions of marriage; he also puts into his play a hero, or a heroine, or both, who from character or circumstance have been driven to conclude that marriage is a monster. The champions of marriage are all fools; the hero and heroine are brilliant and interesting. The rest is ninepins. The champions of marriage are solemnly set upon their feet, and the hero and heroine immediately knock them down. This goes on continually through the play, to the immense delight of the greater portion of the audience—mostly married. The author then rings down the curtain, having profoundly convinced himself, and the people who agreed with him before he wrote the play, that he has completely upset marriage as an institution. It sounds incredible; but it is solemn fact that hundreds of clever people in all ages have been distinctly under the impression that they have exploded some social arrangement to which they took particular exception simply because they succeeded in showing that fools were able to work it foolishly and that knaves were ready to work it knavishly. It is a

distinguishing feature of Mr. Shaw's best sociological plays that he does not allow himself to be deluded in this way. "Widowers' Houses" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" are first-rate studies in morality, because in these plays morality is the fool and the knave, and the men and women who work it are in no way extraordinary. M. Brieux, on the other hand, argues that marriage must be reformed because blackguards occasionally marry. His plays, as moral plays, are for this reason definitely second-rate. (In every other respect the plays of M. Brieux are tenth-rate.) It is the old theatrical fallacy that you make the Church ridiculous by staging a ridiculous curate; that you make poets ridiculous by staging a ridiculous poet; that you make marriage ridiculous by staging a ridiculous husband; that you make democratic institutions ridiculous by staging a ridiculous M.P.

Mr. Brighouse's new play at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, is, so far as it is honestly a comedy at all, a comedy of ninepins. The interesting hero describes himself as an agnostic. (I thought this had gone out of fashion with Herbert Spencer.) The fools of the play—two of whom are also fearful knaves—are Christians. Mr. Enderby and his son, the Christian knaves, were perfect ninepins. You only needed to see them to know that their one mission in the life of the play was to be knocked down. That mysterious thing, the "modern spirit", was scoring heavily all the time; and, when Mr. Daniel Weir turned up with a novel discovery about religion (what does it matter, so long as you're happy?), Christianity was finally knocked out of time, and the pretty young Christian girl consented to marry her splendid young agnostic sweetheart with a quiet mind.

Mr. Brighouse, I understand, is a playwright noted for good work in the provinces. It is possible. His play at the Royalty struck me, despite its lack of depth and the tallness of its assumptions, as the work of an appreciably gifted lad from Lancashire conscientiously trying to smarten himself up for a social appearance in London. Religion apart, the play was sometimes agreeably witty; though it suffered grievously from a confusion of styles—comedy lapsing without warning or preparation into farce. As to the religion, we must, I suppose, infer that difficulties of the kind indicated in the love-making of Mr. Brighouse's agnostic hero with Mr. Brighouse's Christian heroine are still wont to interfere disastrously with the course of true love in the provinces. It reminds one of Shelley in the enthusiasm of his Oxford days. Talking of Shelley—it is a relief to get away from the theatre, even in a parenthesis—I was reading the other day a very delightful passage in a letter to Gisborne (Pisa, 16 June 1821). I will transcribe it for the benefit of Mr. Brighouse's agnostic hero. Shelley writes: "A droll circumstance has occurred. 'Queen Mab', a poem written by me when very young, in the most furious style, with long notes against Jesus Christ, and God the Father, and the King, and bishops, and marriage, and the devil knows what, is just published by one of those low booksellers in the Strand, against my wish and consent, and all the people are at loggerheads about it. . . . You may imagine how much I am amused. For the sake of a dignified appearance, however, and really because I wish to protest against all the bad poetry in it, I have given orders to say that it is all done against my desire, and have directed my attorney to apply to Chancery for an injunction, which he will not get".

To return to the theatre. Mr. Arthur Bourchier has secured another play of a popular species to replace Mr. Sutro's "The Firescreen". I described the species to which "The Firescreen" belonged as comedy-melodrama, in which all the characters go mad in the third act in the interests of a strong situation. "Improper Peter" is of a different, but of as popular, a kind. As in Mr. Brighouse's comedy, the style is mixed; the only difference being that "Improper Peter" is more coarsely mixed than "The Odd Man Out". The recipe for farcical comedy (farcical comedy is really a contradiction in terms) is three parts farce (to make

the people laugh) with one part comedy (to make the people cry). This sounds a little confused; but so is the play. Thus, in the third act of "Improper Peter" the hero, Mr. Bourchier, has to interrupt an excellent scene of farce to make a most manly and correct appeal to our emotions on behalf of the author's pretty heroine. The author, by the way, is Mr. Moncton Hoffe, and I want to ask him what he means when someone in the play starts talking about "dirty dramatists". The allusion was cryptic; and I am not sure that I understood it. It occurred in a defence by the hero of the old-fashioned male blackguard, who took his pleasures like a gentleman. It was gratifying to perceive that this unexpected eulogy of the old-fashioned blackguard was very favourably heard by the audience, showing that the old-fashioned blackguard, despite the insinuations of Mr. Hoffe about "dirty dramatists", is still comfortably in the majority. But what does Mr. Hoffe mean by "dirty dramatists"? If he is referring to drama of which "Dear Old Charlie" is now the classical example, then I will admit that he has written a very agreeable and an occasionally witty play, which skilfully manages to keep far enough away from dirty innuendo to make a not unpleasant evening's entertainment. But, if he is referring to the drama of Ibsen, or to the plays of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker, perhaps he will frankly confess as much in his own manner and at his own convenience. In that case I shall withdraw my commendation of his play, and stigmatise him with a suggestion that he seems to be qualifying for nomination to a partnership with Mr. Brookfield as the King's Reader of Plays.

However, the "dirty dramatists", whoever they may be, were only put up in order to be knocked down. The improper hero, old style, won all along the line in spite of his wife. She, of course, was a wicked woman; but except for her obvious determination to be divorced at all costs from the old-fashioned blackguard we learned very little about her. I should rather like to hear her side of the business.

NEW AND OLD ENGLISH MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THERE are some excellent people—I do not mean Nonconformists—who would pull down Westminster Abbey and use the site for the purpose of erecting spic-and-span villa-residences of red brick and stucco with plenty of fresh glaring paint; and without a doubt they would consider they had conferred a benefit, if not a very lasting benefit, on humanity. They would, and indeed do, point out that such buildings as Westminster Abbey are old-fashioned, antiquated, out-of-date; and that since the time when they were raised we have made stupefying progress. Many would be found to agree with them in the belief that the up-to-date builder and decorator, who probably combines with these professions those of auctioneer, house-agent, and certified bailiff, knows much better what is beautiful, smart, and effective than did our humble sires who built the famous castles and cathedrals which are such an everlasting nuisance to the contractors and speculative builders of to-day. These gentry ought to be modern musicians. The modern musician has discovered that the value of a musical composition lies not in its intrinsic beauty and expressiveness or the intellectual power manifested in its structure, but in the newness of the paint. They glance at an old mass or motet—they seldom trouble to hear one—and they declare that it is old-fashioned and far behind the fine fresh stuff turned out in Marylebone and South Kensington to-day. No one can deny that there is a very considerable difference between the two things. Similarly, I fancy Shakespeare's diction lacks some of the attributes of Mr. Hall Caine's; I daresay Addison's prose falls short, in certain respects, of the daily journalist's; some of the early Italian painters never came up to—who shall I say?—well, Dicksee or Poynter. Yet the old painters and writers and poets manage to hold their ground. The old musicians,

however, must go. They must go for want of the quality of modernity, because their music lacks the tricks of harmony and melody that are requisite to-day; and the output of the cubs of South Kensington must immediately be hailed as immortal, because every trick of up-to-datishness can be found in it. Thus the new coat of paint theory may be applied in two ways.

At Mr. Balfour Gardiner's choral concert on the evening of 17 April it did not stand the test at all well. Mr. Frederic Austin's orchestral rhapsody is as modern as you please and has a certain persistent energy; but it just misses being true music. It is made stuff, and would never have been made at all but for the composer's own persistent energy, not to call it pertinacity: certainly the force that drove his pen over the paper was not the breath of inspiration, but rather a sort of muscular and crude mental steam. It is a pity it lasted out so long, for the length of the piece is its main fault, the fault, at least, that draws attention to the fact that the piece is not real music. Yet without a doubt it will pass as music with most of the young heroes of South Kensington, because the harmonic progressions beloved of Strauss may be found in plenty, and there is not a theme or a melody that can by the most violent stretching of terms be called natural. There is nothing in the thing that is essentially new: only a new coat of paint has been given to a shabby villa residence of the '80 period: when we scratch and get under the paint, consider the thing without the new-fangled harmonies and melodic turns, we find that in the 'eighties Stanford and Mackenzie were writing stuff of much the same pattern and quality. Indeed a little later MacCunn and Edmundstoune Duncan wrote much better music. "Ye Mariners of England", "The Dowie Dens", "The Land o' th' Mountain", and a number of other achievements of that period, which promised so fair and ended in such gloom, were genuine music and in their way masterpieces. A brighter thing at this same concert was Mr. Grainger's *Mock Morris*. In this there is absolutely no pose: simply a merry stream of music starts off without ostentation or pomposity, rises to some very brilliant climaxes, and leaves off gracefully at just the proper moment. It is gratifying to chance on a composer who knows when, and especially how, to leave off: most are like men who do not know how to get out of a room containing a large company. Mr. Gardiner's own *Shepherd Fennel's* dance made no definite impression on me. There is a rough programme attached, but not by any mental struggles could I fit the music to it or it to the music. Next time it is given I shall try to listen with a blank memory. But on this occasion I did certainly smell the new paint—heard the latest harmonies and other tricks; and here, as in every other case, the new paint alone did not serve.

Mixed with this heavy dose of up-to-date slang there was, thank goodness, plenty of music composed in the sweet old days ere slang was. The contempt for old-fashioned music, it should be said, does not in England extend to choral music: what when rendered on the harpsichord or viol is promptly dismissed as the blundering of our rude archaic forebears is hearkened to with patronising approval when sung by a choir. Rightly or wrongly, the English have got firmly fixed in their heads the belief that they are the finest chorus singers in the world and that our mighty stores of madrigals and glees turn our Continental neighbours green with envy. Had some of our learned young gentlemen of the daily Press heard the Dutch choir when it came to London twenty years ago they might be a little less ready to say *Of course* to the common belief; for they would—or at least might—have learnt that the madrigalists of the Low Countries were in no whit inferior to ours. All the same, many of ours proved themselves splendid composers; and we may be grateful for the patriotic delusion that enables us to hear their small efforts. At this concert the Oriana Madrigal Society sang madrigals and rounds by John Benet, Thomas Bateson, William Lawes, Byrde, and Weelkes, and an "ayre in four parts" by perhaps the sweetest singer of the lot, Thomas Ford. The whole performance was ex-

quisite, and I congratulate Mr. C. Kennedy Scott on having wrought his choir to such a pitch of perfection. Lawes' "She weepeth sore by night" and Byrde's "Hey ho! to the greenwood", the first for four, the second for three, female voices, were almost startling in their effectiveness. I would by no means recommend young composers bursting with genius to imitate such things, to confine themselves within such strait bounds. Unto each generation its forms and shapes of art. But must it not give us pause when we consider the strength and beauty revealed by a truly mighty master in a little schoolboy canon for three or four female voices, while our youngsters with the complete modern arsenal of instruments and a chorus of five hundred at their disposal cannot accomplish anything at all that is strong and beautiful? Ford's "Since first I saw your face" is absolutely simple in structure: in the hands of a smaller man than Ford it would be as bold as an early nineteenth century glee. Being by Ford at his best it is a very lovely piece of music. Of course in none of these things do we find any of the tremendous sublimity and splendour and poignancy of utterance with which Byrde's great Mass and his sacred motets are filled; but they are in their small way perfect works of art. In those times men wrote for beauty's sake and to find expression for fine shades of feeling, not each one hurrying to be first with some fresh dissonance or some more peculiarly hideous twist of melody than his rivals have pulled off. It seems sinful to use the word melody to describe some of these tonal contortions: I employ it only in the technical sense. Just a word about Grieg's settings of two "psalms". "My Jesus sets me free" and "My heavenly home" are naïve to the verge of imbecility, but here and there are picturesque and pretty touches, and from the beginning of the first to the finish of the second there is one beautifully expressive phrase.

At the concert of the London Choral Society on the 18th we had more newly painted, freshly stuccoed and whitewashed and thoroughly undesirable villa-residence music. In Mr. David Thomas' setting of Gray's "Bard" I discern the evil effects of culture on minds unprepared for it. Honest young folk grown weary of "Elijah" and the "Messiah" ill-performed, and enamoured of and mazed by the terribly intoxicating draughts provided by "Tristan" and even Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic", hasten to the conclusion that disjointed, inconsequent phrases, blaring trombone passages, and raucous harmonies mean modernity; and it is to these young folk that Mr. Thomas appeals—if indeed he is not one of them himself. There is not one honest, straightforward bar of music in Mr. Thomas' work. It never leaves off beginning and never gets forward one inch. I listened with incredible patience to the last note, and having ears have earned the right to confess that I nearly committed suicide before we were one-third through. Death by a revolver-shot is preferable to death by choking in a veritable Sahara of dry sand. Recently I wrote of the choice of words made by many composers and here we have another instance. This particular ode of Gray's is, I think, precisely the least-inspiring thing a composer could hit upon. It is as artificial in idea and feeling as any Italian libretto ever hack wrote. A long series of ravings that go on line after line after one has had one's fill; then some child's history-primer visions of the future, then a jump into a "roaring tide" at least twelve inches in depth—what chance has a musician with such stuff? Small as the chance is Mr. Thomas has made the worst of it. The lines as they read at any rate make nonsense; but by dividing them, by accenting mere stop-gap and make-rhyme words, and passing ever glibly over relatively important points, Mr. Thomas reduces them to gibberish. I hope never again to pass through so exasperating a ten hours' experience.

Mr. John Masefield is an author I have read of in the essays of my colleague Mr. Palmer, and I have also read a book by him on Shakespeare, which shows him to be obsessed with the notion that every one of Shakespeare's characters is obsessed with something or

another; but not until the other day did I know he had dropped or plunged, very successfully in one instance, into poetry. His "News from Whydale" is a singularly picturesque, grim, powerful ballad. Mr. Balfour has set it to appropriate music. Perhaps the means is a little extravagant for the end attained; but the thing is fresh and strong, and moves with something of the true energy divine. The Choral Society under Mr. Fagge sang it gloriously. I did not wait for Mr. S. C. Taylor's "Tale of Old Japan". Some other day will serve for anything he writes now, or, for that matter, ever did write.

A SEA BIRTH.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IF you enter Belfast Harbour early in the morning on the mail steamer from Fleetwood you will see far ahead of you a smudge of smoke. At first it is nothing but the apex of a great triangle formed by the heights on one side, the green wooded shores on the other, and the horizon astern. As you go on the triangle becomes narrower, the blue waters smoother, and the ship glides on in a triangle of her own—a triangle of white foam which is parallel to the green triangle of the shore. Behind you the Copeland Lighthouse keeps guard over the sunrise and the tumbling surges of the Channel, before you is a cloud of smoke that joins the narrowing shores like a grey canopy; and there is no sound but the rush of foam past the ship's side.

You seem to be making straight for a grey mud flat; but as you approach you see a narrow lane of water opening in the mud and shingle. Two low banks, like the banks of a canal, thrust out their ends into the waters of the lough; and presently, her speed reduced to dead slow, the ship enters between these low mud banks, which are called the Twin Islands. So narrow is the lane that as she enters the water rises on the shingle banks and runs along in waves on either side of her like two grey horses with white manes that canter slowly along, a solemn escort, until the channel between the islands is passed. Day and night, winter and summer, these two grey horses are always waiting; no ship ever surprises them asleep; no ship enters but they rise up and shake their manes and accompany her with their howling motion along the length of their territory. And when you have passed the gates that they guard you are in Belfast Harbour, in still and muddy water that smells of the land and not of the sea; for you seem already to be far from the things of the sea.

As you have entered the narrow channel a new sound, also far different from the liquid sounds of the sea, falls on your ear; at first a low sonorous murmuring like the sound of bees in a giant hive, that rises to a ringing continuous music: the multitudinous clamour of thousands of blows of metal on metal. And turning to look whence the sound arises you seem indeed to have left the last of the things of the sea behind you; for on your left, on the flattest of the mud flats, arises a veritable forest of iron—a leafless forest of thousands upon thousands of bare rusty trunks and branches that tower higher than any forest trees in our land, and look like the ruins of some giant grove submerged by the sea in the brown autumn of its life, stripped of its leaves and laid bare again, the dead and rusty remnants of a forest. There is nothing with any broad or continuous surface—only thousands and thousands of iron branches with the grey sky and the smoke showing through them everywhere, giant cobwebs hanging between earth and the sky, intricate, meaningless networks of trunks and branches and sticks and twigs of iron.

But as you glide nearer still you see that the forest is not lifeless, nor its branches deserted. From the bottom to the topmost boughs it is crowded with a life that at first seems like that of mites in the interstices of some rotting fabric, and then like birds crowding the branches of the leafless forest, and finally

appears as a multitude of pigmy men swarming and toiling amid the skeleton iron structures that are as vast as cathedrals and seem as frail as gossamer. It is from them that the clamour arises, the clamour that seemed so gentle and musical a mile away, and that now, as you come closer, grows strident and deafening. Of all the sounds produced by man's labour in the world this sound of a great shipbuilding yard is the most painful; only the harshest materials and the harshest actions are engaged in producing it; iron struck upon iron, or steel smitten upon steel, or steel upon iron, or iron upon steel—that and nothing else, day in, day out, year in and year out, a million times a minute. It is an endless, continuous birth-agony, heralding the appearance of some giant soul. And giant souls they would need to be; for it is here that of fire and steel, and the sweat and agony of millions of hours of strong men's labour, were born those two giant children that were destined by man finally to conquer the sea.

In this awful womb the "Titanic" took shape. For months and months in that monstrous iron enclosure there was nothing that had the faintest likeness to a ship; only something that might have been the iron scaffolding for the naves of half-a-dozen cathedrals laid end to end. Far away, furnaces were smelting thousands and thousands of tons of raw material that finally came to this place in the form of great girders and vast lumps of metal, huge framings, hundreds of miles of stays and rods and straps of steel, thousands of plates, not one of which twenty men could lift unaided; millions of rivets and bolts—all the heaviest and most sinkable things in the world. And still nothing in the shape of a ship that could float upon the sea. The seasons followed each other, the sun rose now behind the heights of Carrickfergus and now behind the Copeland Islands; daily the ships came in from fighting with the boisterous seas, and the two grey horses cantered beside them as they slid between the islands; daily the endless uproar went on, and the tangle of metal beneath the cathedral scaffolding grew denser. A great road of steel, nearly a quarter of a mile long, was laid at last—a road so heavy and so enduring that it might have been built for the triumphal progress of some giant railway train. Men said that this roadway was the keel of a ship; but you could not look at it and believe them.

The scaffolding grew higher; and as it grew the iron branches multiplied and grew with it, higher and higher towards the sky, until it seemed as though man were rearing a temple which would express all he knew of grandeur and sublimity, and all he knew of solidity and permanence—something that should endure there, rooted to the soil of Queen's Island for ever. And still the ships, big and little, came nosing in from the high seas—little dusty colliers from the Tyne, and battered schooners from the coast, timber ships from the Baltic, trim mail steamers, and giants of the ocean creeping in wounded for succour—all solemnly received by the twin grey horses and escorted to their stations in the harbour. But the greatest giant of all that came in, which dwarfed everything else visible to the eye, was itself dwarfed to insignificance by the great cathedral building on the island. The uproar and the agony increased. In quiet studios and offices clear brains were busy with drawings and calculations and subtle elaborate mathematical processes, sifting and applying the tabulated results of years of experience. The drawings came in time to the place of uproar; were magnified and subdivided and taken into grimy workshops; and steam-hammers and steam-saws smote and ripped at the brute metal, to shape it in accordance with the shapes on the paper.

The seasons passed; the creatures who wrought and clambered among the iron branches and sang their endless song of labour there felt the steel chill beneath the frosts of winter, and burning hot beneath the sun's rays in summer, until at last the skeleton within the scaffolding began to take a shape, at the sight of which men held their breaths. It was the shape of a ship, a ship so monstrous and unthinkable that it towered there over the buildings and dwarfed the very mountains by the water. It seemed like some impious blasphemy that man should fashion this most monstrous and ponderable

of all his creations into the shape of a thing that could float upon the yielding waters. And still the arms swung and the hammers rang, the thunder and din continued, and the grey horses shook their manes and cantered along beneath the shadow, and led the little ships in from the sea and out again as though no miracle was about to happen.

The thought that this tremendous structure should ever be moved from its place, except by an earthquake, was a thought that the mind could not conceive, nor could anyone looking at it accept the possibility that by any method this vast tonnage of metal could be borne upon the surface of the waters. A little more than its own length of water lay between it and the opposite shore, in which to loose this huge bulk from its foundations and slide it into the sea. Like an evil dream, as it took the shape of a giant ship, all the properties of a ship began to appear and increase in hideous exaggeration. A rudder as big as a giant elm tree, bosses and bearings of propellers the size of a windmill—everything was on a nightmare scale; and underneath the iron foundations of the cathedral floor men were laying on concrete beds pavements of oak and great cradles of timber and iron, and sliding ways of pitch pine to support the bulk of the monster when she was moved, every square inch of the pavement surface bearing a weight of more than two tons. Twenty tons of tallow were spread upon the ways, and hydraulic rams and triggers built and fixed against the bulk of the ship so that, when the moment came, the waters she was to conquer should thrust her finally from earth.

And the time did come; the branching forest became clothed and thick with leaves of steel. Within the scaffoldings now towered the walls of the cathedral, and what had been a network of girders and cantilevers and gantries and bridges became a building with floors, a ship with decks. The skeleton ribs became covered with skins of wood, the metal decks clothed with planks smooth as a ballroom floor. What had been a building of iron became a town, with miles of streets and hundreds of separate houses and buildings in it. The streets were laid out; the houses were decorated and furnished with luxuries such as no palace ever knew.

And then, while men held their breath, the whole thing moved, moved bodily, obedient to the tap of the imprisoned waters in the ram. The cradle moved on the ways, carrying the ship down towards the waters. And when the cradle stopped the ship moved on—moved for sixty-two seconds; slowly at first, with a movement which grew quicker until it increased to the speed of a fast-trotting horse, touching the waters, dipping into them, cleaving them, finally resting and floating upon them, while thousands of the pigmy men who had roosted in the bare iron branches, who had raised the hideous clamour amid which the giant was born, greeted and cheered their handiwork, no longer with voices of iron, but with the feebler sound of their own voices.

The miracle had happened. And the day came when the two grey horses were summoned to their greatest task; when, with necks proudly arched and their white manes flung higher than ever, they escorted the "Titanic" between the islands out to sea.

"BOTTLES" ON BOUNDERS.

By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

AT the last General Election I went down into my native county to help a young friend in his candidature for Parliament. We had an amusing time, and I lately gave an account of it in a book of fugitive pieces called "Afterthoughts". My friend, now M.P. for North Loamshire, bears in real life a name both honourable and euphonious; but, unwilling to betray his secrets to the world, I disguised him under a surname on which George Eliot conferred immortality, and a Christian name which seemed to harmonise with it. "Tommy Transome, of Transome Hall", when introduced to the world in "Afterthoughts", at once made a good many friends. Several people thought

they knew him, and others expressed a wish to hear more about him. In a word, he became a favourite with my readers, as, in real life, he had long been a favourite of my own.

Great, then, was my concern when, a few days ago, I received the postcard which I will presently transcribe. It was signed with a name to me unknown, for which we will substitute that of Matthew Arnold's friend, Job Bottles. "Job Bottles, who is on the Stock Exchange; a man with black hair at the sides of his head, a bald crown, dark eyes and a fleshy nose, and a camellia in his buttonhole."* Intimately did Arnold know him, and perfectly did he describe him. Yes, Job Bottles shall be my correspondent's name.

Job's epistolary style is of the abruptest. He wastes no time on exordium, but plunges straight into his theme. "It is probably too late to hope that you can be anything but a stout boulder, but why do you draw a character like Tommy Transome in 'Afterthoughts', and say that he is a Harrow boy and an Oxonian? No gentleman from Harrow or Oxford talks like T.T. He is a young G. W. E. Russell boulder: please correct this if the public ('mostly fools') ask for a second edition." This unlooked-for severity caused me to make, as the French say, a return upon myself, and to ask myself, point by point, whether I was justly liable to the reproaches thus hurled at me.

1. "It is probably too late to hope" that I can amend. But why? Bottles is, at least in this respect, like the cuckoo in "Thyrsis"—a "too quick despaire". While there is life there is hope. One has heard of conversions in very old age; and, even in the physical world, there is no knowing what wonders might be wrought by a severe course of Turkish baths or an hour's fencing every day before breakfast. I might even acquire a transient celebrity by figuring as "Before" and "After" in the illustrated advertisements of Antipon.

2. But why should I desire the transformation? There is no disgrace in belonging to the family of Falstaff, of Charles Fox, and of Sydney Smith. Two of the most eminent statesmen of modern times—a Tory Premier and a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer—were men whose "lower chest", as the tailors call it, was amply developed. "Laugh and grow fat" is a comfortable proverb; and I firmly believe that the popularity which, in spite of some palpable blots on his character, Henry VIII. has always enjoyed, is due to the fact that he had no "lean and hungry look". The stout and cheerful people have recognised him as a man and a brother, and have made allowances for his shortcomings accordingly.

3. But—"a Bouncer". Here the dictionaries do not serve me. Yet the word has somehow an offensive sound, and no doubt Bottles used it with an offensive intention. I remember that Lord Methuen, telegraphing home an account of the doings of the Guards at one of the early engagements in the South African War, said that it was a glorious sight to see them bounding from rock to rock; whereupon people called them "Methuen's Own Bouncers", and they, when they heard it, were displeased. So it is evident that a Bouncer, though at present undefined, is something disagreeable; but what of "a young G. W. E. Russell boulder"? This, though it lacks hyphens, is a truly alarming collocation of words, and bears a startling resemblance to Carlyle's vituperative rhetoric. The sting is not in the first word. The "younghness" will certainly be cured; and, if Tommy were a Bouncer simpliciter, with no qualifying epithets, he might in time learn (from the example of Job Bottles and his friends) to cultivate amenity, good manners, and the art of polite letter-writing. But "a G. W. E. Russell boulder" suggests a more deeply-dyed offensiveness; and, even if Tommy lives to be Father of the House of Commons, I fear he will never shake off the effects of this early contagion.

4. It will be observed that Job Bottles finds fault with Tommy's habits of speech; nor do I commend

* "Friendship's Garland," Letter VIII.

them. The faithful chronicler must report what he hears; but the tendency to slang is always reprehensible. 'Twere much to be desired that the products of our English public schools should talk as the boys in "Basil the Schoolboy" talked about their holiday. "Let us go to Dingley Dell and converse about Byron." "Yes, dear Dibbins, do let's." Or like the monitor in "S. Winifed's", who hoped that a brother-monitor might soon be "what you are so capable of being, not only our greatest support, but also one of the brightest ornaments of our body"; or like the football captain in "The Hill", who, in the hottest moment of the match, gave his side the Polonius-like advice, "Temper your determination to win with a little common sense". And fiction yields no finer rhetoric than fact, for, when Gladstone was leaving Eton, his friend Arthur Hallam said: "I am confident that he is a bud that will bloom with a richer fragrance than almost any whose early promise I have witnessed". Such is the classic eloquence which our public schools should, and perhaps at one time did, produce; but I confess that on Tommy Transome's lips it would sound a little unreal. If in Harrow days he had called a schoolfellow "a Bud", I should have thought that he was, in colloquial phrase, pulling someone's leg; though, to be sure, it would have been no worse than a "Nib" or a "Knut". He still talks very much as he used to talk at Harrow and at Oxford; and, if he were suddenly to exchange his expressive vernacular for the style of Dr. Johnson and Lindley Murray, I should attribute the change to the unwholesome influence of Parliament. I should fear that my young friend was beginning to take himself seriously; and I might even suspect him of laying himself out for office.

5. "Why", cries Job Bottles, with unreasoning wrath, "why do you draw a character like Tommy Transome, and say that he is a Harrow boy and an Oxonian?" Well, I say that he is, or rather was, a Harrow boy, simply because it is the fact, and in many respects he is a typical product of the school which reared him. "No gentleman from Harrow talks like T.T." Here, for once, Job Bottles must suffer me to contradict him. The Harrow Register reveals the fact that Bottles is not a Harrow man. I presume he followed his elder brother (whom Arminius von Thunder Ten Tronckh knew so well) to "Lycurgus House Academy, Peckham", which had no doubt a style of speech befitting its traditions. But on the language of Harrow I am, and he is not, competent to speak.

But why, asks Bottles, do I say that Tommy is "an Oxonian"? The answer is that I do not. Here let me impart to my censor what in slang is called a "wrinkle". Oxford men do not talk of "Oxonians". That word is the exclusive property of the sporting reporter, and (in company with "Cantabrigians") it comes into season at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, just as "the Battle of the Blues" prevails in June and July, and "Glorious Goodwood" closes the summer. In asking that question Job Bottles has given himself away. Whatever he is, he is not an Oxford man. May I add my respectful conviction that, had he been such, he would have learnt different manners, and would not be so wholly bereft of amenity?

I pause on the words as I write them. He? A sudden suspicion crosses my mind. Am I really dealing with one of my own sex, or is my assailant a female Bottles? All Protestants believe that there once was a female Pope, and Freemasons admit that there once was a lady Mason. I turn to the postcard, and scan the signature with careful eye. The writer's indignant eloquence has crowded the signature into a corner, and it is rather a hieroglyphic. What I took for "Job Bottles" may really be "M. J. Bottles", and, if so, I know where I am, for the great Master of Amenity has introduced me to the circle of Laburnum House, Reigate, where the elder Mr. Bottles dispensed an elegant hospitality. "You noticed Mr. Job Bottles. You must have seen his gaze resting on Mary Jane. But what with his cigars, his claret, his camellias, and the

state of the money-market, Job Bottles is not a marrying man just at this moment. We have heard of the patience of Job; how natural, if his brother marries Mary Jane now, that Job, with his habits tempered, his view of life calmed, and the state of the money-market different, may wish, when she is a widow some five years hence, to marry her himself. And we have arrangements which make this illegal!" The more I think of it the more I am inclined to believe that my correspondent is Mrs. Bottles, and that in disputing with Job Bottles I have been barking up the wrong tree. The rather unformed writing, and a visible uncertainty about punctuation, seem to suggest a female hand; but, above all, that word "Oxonian" tells its tale. When I said that "Oxonian" was the exclusive property of the sporting reporter I spoke unadvisedly; I should have added—"and of the lady novelist". "Ouida", I feel sure, must have used it when she wrote of Oxford; it was dear to her who described the breathless contests of the College Barges as they raced for Folly Bridge. "Sit in the bows", she said, pointing to the stern." It was a lady who drew that scene, and the oarsman thus perversely adjoined was "an Oxonian".

Hark! I hear a familiar voice, and a footstep—not a very light one—on the stairs. It is Tommy, fresh from Transome, with a huge faggot of spring blossoms in his hand. "I thought these things would brighten you up a bit, as you will stick in this frowsy old town just when the country's about at its jolliest. Hullo? What's all this? Writes all that tosh on a postcard, and talks about 'an Oxonian'! That fairly rings the bell. 'Boulder', indeed! What price Bottles?"

LONDON BIRDS IN SPRING.

I.

ALL through the spring the London parks resound with song. But two voices dominate the choir. The wren, who nests sparsely in our central parks, may now and then pour out his ringing carol; in greater numbers the redbreast may sing in park and garden; the hedge-sparrow, more abundant, probably, than either, will bear his little part; and here and there, in Battersea Park, for instance, the missel-thrush will fling abroad his wild refrain. But the volume of our London spring melody comes from blackbird and song-thrush; and of these, it seemed last year that the song-thrushes were outnumbered and outsung by the blackbirds. Battersea Park is the home of two blackbirds who are not black. One is entirely white, except for a few black feathers in each wing; while the other, who, like the first, has his own special haunt, which he seldom leaves, has black tail and wings with all else white. A Cockney girl who watched, one day, this odd-looking bird in flight, exclaimed, "Looks like a magpie". It did not look in the least like a magpie, but like something exotic—a wanderer from the tropics. As she moved off our intelligent damsel remarked, "Freaky, ain't it?" The bird, aware, possibly, of its freakishness was, like its fellow, very shy, and seldom left the shelter of the undergrowth. Chaffinches, which are repeatedly seen in Battersea Park, may possibly breed there. In early spring greenfinches sometimes appear both there and in S. James' Park.

At least as early as February, titmice of three kinds, who nest regularly in all the central parks, may be heard to sing, each in its own distinctive style. Most abundant, apparently, is the blue tit, followed in smaller numbers by the coal tit, with the oxeye or great tit—great only by comparison with his diminutive kinsmen—least numerous of all. In Kensington Gardens on any spring day one may hear, on all sides among the trees, the sound of titmouse song and conversation, as the busy little birds flit through the branches. In the trees near the fountains an oxeye may be heard to utter his well-known saw-sharpening note on most spring days. Another often sings in Hyde

Park, where it is said a pair have been accustomed to build a nest in a hole in one of the iron fence-posts by the Serpentine.

There is a fine expansiveness about the wooing of the ring-dove or wood-pigeon, that familiar dweller in our midst. He does not wait for February rains to warm the air but, with the new year hardly well begun, sets about the winning of a mate. Carried away by transports of affection, he mounts high into the air, striking his wings together as he rises, with a loud sound; then, holding them stiffly spread, he soars and dips again and again in superb love-flight. On the ground, too, the burly dove's wooing is carried on for all to see. By a series of uncouth hops, quite unlike his usual gait, the male draws near his wished-for mate. With head bowed till it touches the ground and tail lifted high, he coos to her amorously, while she looks on with what seems to be an air of pained surprise. This posturing, originally, no doubt, purely sexual, has become by association as much a part of the ritual of combat as of courtship; and one may see a jealous ring-dove bowing in menace to the rash intruder who threatens his domestic peace. Should the courtly preliminaries result in a serious set-to, the infuriated rivals, using their strong wings as weapons, deal each other shrewd blows, whose noise can be heard at a considerable distance. The ring-doves' nesting season, which often begins in February, lasts all through the summer. Though the country-bred wood-pigeon is one of the most suspicious and timid of birds, in London, its natural caution thrown aside, it is grown even tamer than the sparrows. It will sit on its ill-made nest quite undisturbed by passers-by only a few feet below. Some years ago, on the branch of a plane-tree overhanging Piccadilly and just above a cab-shelter and cab-rank, a bird sat fearlessly day after day, heedless of all the bustle and noise beneath. The coo of the wood-pigeon, one of the best known bird-sounds of London, may not be thought, perhaps, to have much variety; yet the quality of its tone does, in fact, differ a good deal in individual birds. In Kensington Gardens, last spring, while taking shelter from a heavy April shower under a horse-chestnut already almost in full leaf, we heard a ring-dove on the topmost branch of a beech close by begin to coo in singularly soft and gentle tones, melodious as a murmured song. Presently it ceased, and from a neighbouring tree a second struck up. But this fresh sound, in marked contrast with the first, was so deep and throaty as almost to be a growl. The sweet-voiced dove, meanwhile, revelling in the rain, proceeded to bathe on its tree-top. First one wing and then the other was spread wide to catch the grateful moisture. Then, preening itself the while, the bird would tilt its body, now to one side, now to the other, luxuriously lifting each wing in turn, and letting the cleansing drops fall on its flanks.

On the August Bank Holiday of 1911, in all the heat of that sun-baked day, a ring-dove outside our window coo-ed, undaunted, to his mate, who, even at that late time, perhaps was busy with another brood.

Rooks formerly nested in Kensington Gardens, but since a great tree-felling there many years ago, the place has known them no more. The famous Gray's Inn rookery remains, however. A year ago there were more than twenty nests there. Then, in May, to loiter awhile by the pleasant scene—deep restful cawings sounding in your ears while, on the ground, the hard-worked parents fed their young—was to be spirited far from the heart of town and to be set down amid the ancestral elms of some venerable minster close. The rookery often suffers from the attacks of crows. Last year a catastrophe happened. One evil day a pair of crows came to Gray's Inn and, after a warm but unavailing resistance, sucked the rooks' eggs. The outraged rooks abandoned their nests and went away, returning, it is said, early each morning for the food and drink which are placed for them by friendly dwellers in the Inn. A summary vengeance,

happily overtook the thieves. Traps, we are told, baited with poisoned eggs were set, and both miscreants perished. During the day the Gray's Inn rooks go far afield in search of food. On setting out they are said always to make their way northward; travelling, it is believed, as far as Highgate. Another old-established rook-colony is in Connaught Square, near the Marble Arch. Here six nests may be seen in the trees, of which, report says, three last year were occupied after a long desertion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SYNDICALISM AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

SIR,—Even the most respectable newspapers so constantly serve up for us an olla podrida of anarchy, nihilism, communism and immorality which they label socialism and savour with a sauce of inane puerilities, that great thanks are due to you for your leading article of 30 March. The importance of the question raised is almost as great as public understanding is small, so I pray forgiveness for now pursuing the same subject.

We may be sound Socialists and yet believe strongly in an hereditary king and the rights of private property. Indeed, when we consider the complex nature of our social organism and the variety of human occupations, we may hold to inequality of personal property for true human liberty. Equality of opportunity is the backbone of all socialistic theories. But many of us believe that the equality of opportunity is found in equality of opportunity for self-expression, not in equality of economic opportunity. As no two men are equal, the possibility of freedom in self-expression requires varying economic environments; that is, inequality in economic environments. The statesman, philosopher, merchant, shop-boy or agricultural labourer all require, for full freedom in personal expression, varying environments. All can still be given, by the State, an equal start.

By the admission of all—even the "Times"—the ideal of Socialism is admirable. The Established Church has, by an encyclical, declared there is a great deal of good in Socialism, and our parsons declaring themselves as Christian Socialists are to be numbered by hundreds.

But Syndicalism? It has no ideal; it offends all forms of religion; it is based on pure selfish communism and not communism for all, but for a class as against other classes.

In the words of Benjamin Kidd: "The place of Syndicalism in the historic evolution of the modern State is also perfectly clear. Every party in the State, nobles, middle classes, and middlemen, has endeavoured in its time to identify the State with its own interests. The quarrel of society with each of them in turn in the struggles of history has been that they have all endeavoured, when they held the State in their power, to exact from the community more than they were entitled to for services rendered in terms of social utility. Organised labour is now swiftly endeavouring to do as all the parties which preceded it have done—to hold the community up for the most it can extract from it, and the power of effective organised labour is probably far greater than that of any of the classes which have preceded it."

Now, are the Conservatives going to stand by the "old order" of things, or, as Tories, will they recognise the fact of sequent evolution in our social state? If they stand by the "old order" they must declare in favour of Syndicalism. For Syndicalism has nothing new in it; it establishes no new departure. Organised labour is now but following directly in the footsteps of the old order; what the nobles, middle classes and middlemen have done in the past, that organised labour is doing in the present. The profoundest conserva-

tive admiration is being offered by organised labour to the past—imitation. And this movement of organised labour establishes no new departure in class warfare. It simply manifests the evolution of class warfare. For class warfare always has and always must, in some form, exist. We feel class warfare more acutely now simply because it affects a greater number of the community at large. Scientific evolution can only change the form of warfare from the economic to the ethical.

Conservatism must support the scientific, the moral evolution of our social state and take a firm stand against Syndicalism. But, if so, it must proceed on the principle that "The State is ever growing more and more socialistic, in the sense that the State means that each is for all and all for each". It must counter Carl Marx by relying on the ethical not the economic evolution of our social state. "Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you." The class tyranny we have now to fear is that of organised labour—a very monster of Frankenstein. The only defence is to recognise the fact that the State has evolved into an organism: to admit that the State has economic duties and responsibilities as distinct from the duties and responsibilities of those possessing personal property. And, while denying the right of economic equality of opportunity, there must be acknowledgment of the right to equality of opportunity in self-expression.

There are dangerous forms of Socialism even as there are dangerous forms of Radicalism and Conservatism. But the only certain antitoxin for the virus of Syndicalism is to be found in some form of Socialism.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

ENGLISH UNREST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sandringham Hotel, Hunstanton-on-Sea, Norfolk.
8 April 1912.

SIR,—I have just received a letter from a French friend, in which he makes reference to the state of industrial unrest existing in this country. He sums up his letter with a diagnosis of the causes which have produced the present humour in the following sentence, which is quite worthy of reproduction, coming, as it does, from a politically disinterested onlooker. He says: "Le libéralisme chez vous comme le radicalisme chez nous fait beaucoup de tort par le mirage de ses promesses et l'utopie de ses raisonnements. Faire du bien pour le Peuple à son insu c'est beaucoup mieux, mais cela ne facilite pas les élections libérales ni radicales!"

I am, sir, yours truly,
ALBERT E. K. WHERRY.

THE ULSTER QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Adelaide Road, Dublin,
15 April 1912.

SIR,—I had thought that the anomalies at present existing under our parliamentary electoral system were self-evident enough to prevent anyone suggesting that the weight of public opinion represented by one member of Parliament equalled that voiced by any other. But it seems that I was mistaken. In his speech introducing the Home Rule Bill the Prime Minister said: "Look at Ulster! take the province as a whole, Ulster is represented at this moment, how? By seventeen Unionists and sixteen Home Rulers" (vide the "Times").

I submit, Sir, that the Prime Minister in this utterance is guilty of suggestio falsi. "Look at Ulster!" But are we to look at the two largest Ulster constituencies, East and North Belfast, with a combined population of 236,163—constituencies so overwhelmingly Unionist in opinion that no Home Ruler has contested either of them since 1886? Or are we to look at the two smallest constituencies of the province,

Newry Borough (also the smallest in the United Kingdom), with a population of 12,453, and South Fermanagh, with 30,691—constituencies represented by Nationalists, in which Unionist candidates received, in January 1910, 33.4 and 43.8 per cent. respectively of the total votes polled?

May I add that of the nine largest Ulster constituencies, eight are Unionist and have not been contested by Nationalist candidates since 1886, while the ninth (West Belfast) is not alone the smallest division in that city, and in size less than one-half of East Belfast; but its Nationalist majority is only 463. Even the solitary Liberal constituency of the province (North Tyrone) is one of the smaller county divisions, and is held by the narrow margin of eighteen votes.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ULSTERMAN JUNIOR.

THE SUFFRAGETTE IN GREEK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hades, Id. April.

SIR,—The mail service across Styx has been considerably deranged owing to the coal strike, and it was only to-day that the SATURDAY REVIEW containing Anacreon's comments on my letter reached me. I was breakfasting with my old friend Aristophanes at the Elysian Club, and showed him the correspondence. He fairly trumpeted with rage. "Confound the little beast!" he cried. "He'll be saying next that my 'Women in Parliament' was a crib from the 'Iliad'." Hang Anacreon up by his elephantine ears, and whip him soundly for a lying little mischief-maker. He speak to Homer! Homer would kick him to Phlegethon. Come along and ask the blind old gentleman of Chios."

Off we went accordingly to Poets' Walk, where we found the great man taking his usual bath-chair promenade in the asphodel enclosure and, as fortune had it, talking to Solomon Ben-David, the Oriental sage whose excellent love-lyrics long ago won him admittance to the best literary circles here. Homer was much annoyed at the mere suggestion that he ever had dealings with Anacreon. As he indignantly remarked, "Anacreon the ignorant sycophant, miserable man-milliner, mealy-mouthed inventor of terminological inexactitudes, never have I addressed to him the detestable a single winged syllable."

Solomon too was interested, though more judiciously, and paid me the compliment of quoting a line of my own, "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona". "Unto all wise men", he remarked, "cometh the truth from Heaven, and none can say of another 'He had it from me'." What Homer has delivered, and Aristophanes and Horace and many another, in respect of women, I myself also have written in my Proverbs. What need had I, the much-married, to learn from others that 'it is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house', or that 'a continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike'? Care not therefore for the false witness of Anacreon, son of Belial. Nevertheless, as for thee, O Horace, the remedy thou proposest is no remedy. For the daughters of Britain far exceed in number the sons thereof, and how then can every woman marry and bear children honourably, polygamy being forbidden? Moreover, seeing that the head and forefront of the mischief is that the proportion of female children born in Britain exceedeth that of male children, to increase the number of children born will but increase the superfluity of women, and the last evil will be worse than the first. Consult Galen rather, and the College of Physicians, for means whereby more male children may be born, and fewer female children; but call not upon Lucina for more children, for no mere increase in the birth-rate can save Britain from this pest of sexless and unsexed women."

So said the experienced Hebrew, and I found no answer ready for him except that of Asquith the Consul, "Wait and see!" Meanwhile Galen pleads

inability to advise, midwifery not being practised in Elysium, and only refers me to the London Medical Directory; and Aristophanes does nothing but laugh and quote my own verses against myself—

Durum: sed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Q. H. F.

TRIPOLI AND THE NEAR-EASTERN DANGER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 April 1912.

SIR,—It is quite true, as Mr. Rosher says, that "the Arabs have been the mainstay in the campaign of defence", but it may be submitted to him, and to the Turks who take the same view, that the Arabs of Tripoli would have had very little scruple in allowing the Italians to occupy the country, had the invaders proceeded with more intelligence of their psychology. The Arabs fought for their land and their liberty to lead freely their own lives in their own way—a way which is hardly consistent with the strenuous life of European colonising nations, although it may be quite as human and more praiseworthy in the individual. In different circumstances, the Arabs might have let the Turks save themselves alone.

The matter is of great importance to this country, especially now that the Italians have "demonstrated" in European waters. The present situation cannot be tolerated much longer and, no doubt, both combatants will soon find themselves confronted by a strong demand that they should speedily end their quarrel. It may be a dilemma, but there is no reason why England should consent to suffer because the Italians have annexed a country they cannot conquer, or because the Turks do not take stronger measures within their own Empire, because the Italians cannot manage a colonial campaign, or because the Turks chose to keep but a loose hold over their colony. As to the Arabs, it is another question, and if a Holy War is unlikely, yet it would be well if we got ready for emergencies.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

THE DECADENCE OF CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The article by Archdeacon Cunningham, though restrained and courteous in tone, is a stern pronouncement against the present condition of Cambridge theology, and is more particularly directed against the Professors. It must not be thought that because the Professors are throwing open the door to non-Churchmen they are for that reason possessed of a wide outlook. As a matter of fact, their Churchmanship has practically vanished in a cloud of scholasticism. As the Archdeacon convincingly shows, the part of religion which they place in the foreground is that part of it which can be reduced to a subject for examination questions. This is right enough for a Tripos—the good theologian must be an accurate scholar, but it by no means follows that an accurate scholar will be a good theologian. In the conferment of the higher degrees respect must be paid to the higher quality. A parish priest some quarter of a century in orders will probably have lost something of his acquaintance with School Divinity, but he may have gained a wider outlook upon men and things, and their relation to Christian truth. But this wider outlook arises from the possession of an experience such as the Professors have never had, and cannot appreciate. They have lived in a very narrow world, and to them what is not of Cambridge is not knowledge. Their prevailing feature is theological inhumanity. They dissect the sources of Christian truth, but while they dissect the spirit dies. They have no message to the world, which they fondly imagine is waiting to hear the sound of

their oracles. The world is better occupied in listening to constructive teachers, who know its needs and are endeavouring to supply them.

In charging the Professors with indifference to the needs of the Church, we use the word Church in its widest significance, as meaning practical organised Christianity. It will do Nonconformists no good to be admitted to degrees, if these degrees are nothing but certificates of the possession of a specialised scholarship, just as it has done no good to the Church of England to have had exclusive title to these distinctions. What is needed is the recognition of qualities which the Professors have not learned to value, but which are essential to all who would have a message to mankind. No such message comes from Cambridge. It cannot properly influence even its own undergraduates, but has to call in Dr. Torrey, the very antipodes to its intellectualism, to do for it what it cannot do for itself.

The whole system of the conferment of degrees needs changing to something more human and more responsive to the needs of the age. The fossiliferous era is played out; the Church wants men of thought, and would like to have some criterion that these men have thought to some purpose.

I am, yours sincerely,
B.D.

PROSE LAPSES INTO VERSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 April 1912.

SIR,—The correspondence on Hexameters suggests to me to ask whether any of your readers have noticed how often R. D. Blackmore, in the person of John Ridd in "Lorna Doone", drops into the metre of "A captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters". Here are a few examples:

"For certain and for ever this I knew, as in a glory,
That Lorna Doone had now begun and would go on
to love me." (c. xxii.)

"Even as I gripped the swathes and swept the sickle
round them,
Even as I flung them by to rest on brother stubble,
Through the whirling yellow world and eagerness of
reaping." (c. xxix.)

Anyone who will take the trouble to read carefully the more lyrical parts of the novel will find dozens of such lines. Perhaps my discovery is after all an old one, but I have never seen the fact mentioned in connexion with Blackmore's famous novel.

Yours etc.,
A. C. L.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 John Street, Adelphi W.C., 16 April 1912.

SIR,—Your interesting correspondence regarding French and English laughter recalls George Sand's disagreeable little saying to my mind, namely, that "The French have the *goût* and the English have the *gout*".

I have often thought that the most delightful trait in the English character is the naïve nature of its laughter. I have no desire to appear sarcastic, but I honestly mean what I say. The Frenchman and the German require subtle wit, elusive meanings, finesse, before they laugh; the Englishman is a great, big, good-natured child who is not yet too dazed by the modern school of epigrammatical brilliance to forget his "Alice in Wonderland" and his "Bab Ballads". He can still go to the pantomime and hear the patter of George Graves, he worships "Peter Pan" and his father still chuckles at the mere reminiscence of Edward Terry's burlesques. The nursery-rhyme spirit of humour never leaves the Englishman. Monsieur Continental hasn't got it, he weeps over Verlaine and Heine and hangs himself at fifteen. The Latin mind is too swift, and the Teuton

too sentimental, but the Anglo-Saxon never loses a charming streak of childhood. I doubt if "The Follies" would ever succeed in Paris or Berlin.

The English humour is one of those phases of character and art which belong entirely to a nation and simply cannot be transported. The lyrics of Heine can never be translated, Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" is entirely French in spirit, even as Dickens' novels are completely English. A Frenchman may admire Dickens, but I have met only one or two who did not accept his studies from Cruikshank's point of view, and who understood that there was as much true realism as clever caricature in them.

I adore the quaint "Punch" humour of England, but I loathe it when it parodies the sublime. An imitation, provided it be good, is pardonable, even though, as Mr. Robert Ross says: "Every heart by Cam or Isis guards Dolores as a crisis", a delirious imitation of Swinburne is never so hard to bear as the Follies' "Hamlet" wherein Ophelia presents the Danish dreamer with a cauliflower. Ever since have I seen cauliflowers, in the place of the rosemary proper! And my dreams are haunted by a Monna Lisa skit with a glass eye and a horrible simper, and a Dante apparently all composed of feet and a head-dress and various other "Tussaudian" horrors.

The sublime should never be touched by the facile ridicule of the parodist, because parody distorts and destroys the idealistic vision. Unconscious parody, of course, is worst, and I shall never forget Stephen Phillips' version of "Faust", which was a mental agony to suffer, even with Sir Herbert Tree's fine scenic effects. Not that parody is a fault of the age, for I defy the reader to produce anything more crude, rude and nude than that travesty of Virgil's magnificent *Æneid* "Scarronides", written by one Roger L'Estrange, and which, in my edition, is dated 1665. It provokes much unwilling laughter tempered by many shocks, and disturbs the majestic and heroic conceptions of *Æneas* and *Dido* for ever.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

VIVISECTION AND HONOURS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

92 Victoria Street, Westminster S.W.,
22 April 1912.

SIR,—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle first makes some deductions of his own from my letter about the copious fountain of honour that drenches the vivisectionists, while anti-vivisectionists remain in siccated obscurity, and then calls those deductions of his own absurd. His own decorations are sufficiently accounted for by the life and universally regretted demise of the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes; though a sense of duty leads me to reveal the fact that he is an ardent supporter of vivisection, and was known to be one when his shoulder was tapped by the Royal sword in 1902.

Sir Arthur has many shining qualities, which he shares with his fellow-countrymen north of the Tweed, but I hope he may long escape the surgical operation which alone will enable him to apprehend the point of my letter.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The point of Mr. Stephen Coleridge's letter in your issue of 13 April is missed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Anti-vivisection and no honours is the grievance. Mr. Coleridge has observed certain facts: his own undoubted merits unrewarded—his opponents receiving marks of favour. One hopes that his modestly veiled plea, published opportunely a few weeks before the birthday honours list is issued, will receive in the proper quarters the attention it deserves.

Yours truly,
SCOT.

REVIEWS.

THE IMMORTALITY OF MR. BENSON.

"The Child of the Dawn." By Arthur Christopher Benson. London: Smith, Elder. 1912. 7s. 6d. net

MR. BENSON'S literary and imaginative powers are sure to find him readers of a certain class for whatever he may please to write: and so long as he is content to glide gracefully over the surface of less important themes, there seems no reason why, if he likes it, he should not be the idle singer of an empty hour. But when of all subjects in the world he selects that of immortality, and proceeds to treat it without philosophy and without Christianity, relying on his own imagination, and throwing out the result for the delectation, we cannot say instruction, of those who admire him, he does a grave injustice to his theme. The destiny of humanity is too momentous for a treatment which the author himself describes as "tentative and not philosophical." If the author's own criticism on his production be correct, why did he publish it? Why proclaim to the world what is admittedly not thought out? "Why shouldst thou run, my son, seeing thou hast no tidings ready?" There are only two ways by which immortality can be approached: the one is Philosophy, the other Religion. Our author dismisses both, the former apparently from lack of knowledge, the latter on the strange pretext of reverence. He then revels in abandonment unchastened by thought and unilluminated by faith. He sketches scenes of life in the other world where souls are assigned to asylums and to schools, to lecture rooms and prisons.

The whole conception is that of Purgatory with the name left out. The "most troublesome crew" in the other world are "mostly priests and schoolmasters" people with high ideals who "have done cruel things from good motives". The most hopeless perhaps is the Paradise of thought, "where all who have submerged life in intellect have their reward". There is not in all those dominions a happier or a busier place. "The worst of it is that it is terribly hard to get out of. It is a blind alley and leads nowhere. Every step has to be retraced." The most repulsive are perhaps the severely Orthodox and Hard Church, who are "of a nature that cannot admit of compromise", and whose maxim is "Doctrine first, love afterwards".

The author considers the most hopeless souls to be those who have "submerged life in intellect", but his readers may wonder whether there is not a class more unpromising still, namely those who have submerged life in fancy. "That forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere, of some assistance indeed to apprehension, but the author of all error", the despair of the philosophic mind, splendid for service when paired with reason, is surely no substitute for accurate thought or Christian revelation. Another department may be added to the author's purgatory: lecture rooms wherein the unphilosophic English mind is disciplined into something approaching intellectual coherency.

But what will probably attract attention most is the author's use of the theory of Reincarnation. A soul which in one life appeared as masculine is, after a more or less extended residence in the other world, re-born on earth as a woman, as a remedy for ambition. Mr. Benson says that he finds it "even more difficult to believe in the creation of new souls than in the creation of new matter". He seems accordingly, although he entirely fails to make it clear, to postulate the simultaneous creation of all souls that ever will exist, and also their detention somewhere in a reservoir in the other world until circumstances enable Providence to utilise these stores by causing them to be united to bodies and born on earth. But surely this scheme bristles with as many difficulties, to say the least, as that which it would replace. It gives no meaning to the soul's detention in the unseen world perhaps for thousands of years prior to the period in which it is, for the first time, born upon the earth. Nor does the author ever deal with this. All his characters have

existed already upon the earth. But far more serious than this, the introduction of a soul from the world invisible to life on earth is just as much an addition to the sum total of earthly existences in either case, whether that soul was created at the beginning of all things, or created at the actual hour of its birth. Moreover, it does not follow in the very least from the assumption that all souls came into existence simultaneously that they must therefore go on experiencing a series of reincarnations. For anything the author knows to the contrary the number of souls pre-existing may be equal to or in excess of the sum total of the souls that the human race will ever reach.

The author believes that the theory of transmigration explains the problem of infant mortality; but he thereby introduces the problem why reincarnate spirits should not remember their previous lives. He assumes throughout that life in the unseen world is based on memory of the life on earth. It could not otherwise be made intelligible. Yet the intelligent spirit, aware of previous existences so long as it remains in the world unseen, forgets them all from the instant of its re-birth into terrestrial scenes. But if I occupy now on earth a lowly feminine sphere to correct the ambitious temper of my masculine career in a previous forgotten state, I cannot intelligently co-operate with external influences whose meaning, through lack of the self-knowledge produced by memory, I am unable to understand. Memory seems essential to endow transmigration with moral worth. Otherwise there looms the awful peril of miscarriage through ignorance, the prospect of alternate rise and fall, the contraction of new defects, and endless transmigration. If European thought adopted the theory of Reincarnation, history might repeat itself, and the terrors of the conception again create a strong revulsion in favour of the extinction of the individual consciousness as the only logical refuge from the appalling prospect of an unending series of the pains of earth.

Mr. Benson says he has "kept advisedly clear of Christian doctrines and beliefs" from the motive of reverence, because he does "not intend to lay rash and profane hands upon the highest and holiest of mysteries". But since he utilises the theory of Reincarnation, a theory which is identified with one of the greatest of the world's religions, it becomes inevitable to ask whether the adoption of theories from a religion which one does not believe and the deliberate omission of the principles of the religion which one does believe, is calculated to conduct one's imaginings into truth. If one deals with the subject of the after-world at all, it is surely not rash or profane to do so under the guidance of that religion which, in accepting, we manifestly assume to yield the clearest guidance human beings possess.

MINOR VERSE.

"Ballads and Verses of the Spiritual Life." By E. Nesbit. London: Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.

"Poems." By Rupert Brooke. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.

"Vale: a Book of Verse." By Leonard Inkster. London: Fiffeld. 1s. net.

NOTHING would seem easier, at first sight, than to deal out-of-hand with an accumulation of fifty to a hundred books of verse. Run hastily through, pick out unerringly the one or two volumes of merit, and discard the rest. It sounds simple enough; but it is soon seen to be rather a more complicated business. You may find, perhaps, at the end of a dusty hour, that you have discarded the lot. If you are looking for an original poet (not, of course, for Shakespeare; but for a man who will some day be individually as distinct from the rest as Dowson—say—or Henley), you probably will. If, on the other hand, you are content with sincerity in the writer, neatness in the lines, a tolerable ear for rhythm, and a familiarity with the diction and vocabulary of the major English poets (upon

whom the minor English versifier generally lives), you may very possibly consider it your duty to notice them all. It is a question as to whether the volumes are all equally bad, or all equally good. In either case the situation is impossible.

We have taken, rather than chosen, from the heap three volumes representative of three distinct types of the literary versifier. There is the finished offender, on the point of reaching an undistinguished end; there is the first intruder who begins where, probably, he will leave off; and there is another sort of intruder, whose work is sufficiently raw to persuade us that judgment, in his case, should for the present be suspended. Miss E. Nesbit, Mr. Rupert Brooke, and Mr. Leonard Inkster seem, on careful consideration, to conform respectively with these three types.

The ballads and verses of Miss E. Nesbit are obviously written with a conscience. They are honest work; but they are marked in every line with that most hopeless sort of literary accomplishment—the sort which tells one that the author has not come very far, and is scarcely able to go any farther. Not that the level of Miss Nesbit's verses is in the least regular; for their merit ranges from the uninspired simplicity of "Out in the sun the buttercups are gold", etc., to the simplicity, less painfully naïve, of "These Little Ones":

"What of the child I gave?"

God said to me—

'The little living thing I tried to save
And lent in trust to thee?

How have the flowers grown
That in that soul were sown
The lovely living miracles of youth
And hope and joy and truth?"

"The child's face is all white",

I said to God;

'It cries from cold and hunger in the night,
Its naked feet have trod
The pavement, muddy and cold;
It has no flowers to hold,
And in its heart the flowers you sold are dead.'
'Thou fool', God said."

Miss Nesbit is, here, at her best; as always when she has some definite and simple idea to work upon. But there is not in these lines any suggestion of a poet struggling to be born.

The same impression holds of Mr. Rupert Brooke. He already seems entirely able to say all he has to say. He varies his manner of attack like a virtuoso upon a musical instrument. Here is a specimen of the attack nonchalant:

"There was a damned successful poet;
There was a woman like the sun;
And they were dead. They did not know it.
They did not know their life was done."

And here the attack cantabile:

"The pine-boles kept perpetual hush;
And in the boughs wind never swirled.
I found a flowering lowly bush,
And bowed, slid in, and sighed and curled,
Hidden at rest from all the world."

And, in the following poetical exercise in choriambics, you may actually catch our young virtuoso, unblushing, in an orgy of technique:

"Ah! not now, when desire burns, and the wind calls,
and the suns of spring
Light-foot dance in the woods, whisper of life, woo
me to wayfaring:
Ah! not now should you come, now when the road
beckons, and good friends call,
Where are songs to be sung, fights to be fought,
yea!—and the best of all,
Love, on myriad lips fairer than yours, kisses you
could not give!"

which seems to have been written for a wager.

This sort of thing requires repression with a firm hand: not so the rather more tentative and slender volume of Mr. Leonard Inkster. His faults are on the surface; and, if he were to be strictly judged on the merit of any single number of this little book, we might be tempted to ask, as Jaques asked of Orlando: "Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives and conned them out of rings?" For his vocabulary and metaphor are still common to the tribe, and his inspiration is still that of a writer who seems to find his best stimulus in literature rather than in life. But Wilde began, at any rate, in that way. It is characteristic of this little book that perhaps the best sonnet it contains is entitled "On First Reading 'The Hound of Heaven'":

"As one, who sails upon a placid sea
And is a-wearied with its monotone,
Sighs, 'Nevermore, no more as I have known,
Shall I behold it, nor its harmony
Shall hear'; to whom the lightning instantly
Speaks and the voice of Ocean, and are shown
The sudden storm and a titanic throne
Of cloud whereon sits lonely majesty";

So spake I; and the torrent of his song
Did drown my murmuring, and sweetly tost
Was I upon the wave of wonderment:
Till in the golden and the potent throng
Of words was lost my longing for the lost,
And in his plenitude I sank content."

There is nothing wrong with these lines, except they have nothing right; they are of the common stuff of more than one contemporary sonneteer. It is not by this, nor is it by the genuine simplicity of "Entry" or of "Three Triolets", that we are persuaded to wait for a further book of Mr. Inkster's verse before telling him, as definitely we tell Mr. Rupert Brooke, to "mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks". It is where Mr. Inkster has not succeeded that he shows promise of reaching a style of his own. In the "Journalist's Chant"—in some ways, the worst poem in the whole fifty odd volumes examined—there is distinctly a reaching-out in spirit and in manner towards individuality. In many, too, of the more personal numbers there is evidence of a mind more than usually sensitive to experience, and more than usually eager to hear within itself some echo of the world's music, and to give it note. This impression grows with every number read; yet it cannot definitely be based upon any single set of verses. The impression is at the close so strong that one becomes actively interested to know whether "Vale" is really meant by Mr. Inkster as farewell to the hope of poetry (the humble sincerity of the author comes into many of his lines); or whether he is consciously bidding farewell to what he himself knows to be the work of a 'prentice hand.

THE ADJUSTMENT.

"The Adjustment." By Marguerite Bryant. London: Heinemann. 1912. 6s.

IN praising a book for its story one feels almost the shamefaced reluctance that would commend a picture for the same quality. There is really no reason why a novel pronouncedly a "story" book should be naturally connected with an artistic shortcoming, yet one is always conscious of a misgiving when the mere management of the tale is especially selected for approbation; for the reason, doubtless, that a concentration on incident is too often accompanied by an indifference to character. But what in its story makes "The Adjustment" admirable is not mere incidental intricacy and the cunning suspension of interest, but a spiritual expectancy which is distilled from character itself, though in more than one instance from character somewhat artificially moulded. But the artificiality is essential not only to the presentment of the tale, but to the creation of atmosphere about its most attractive

character, and only in one case, that of the mysterious Dr. Burnett, does the artifice destroy considerably more than it creates. The charm of the story, its credibility even, or perhaps one should say, one's acceptance of its incredibilities, depends entirely on the charm of Christina, and on the pervasive influence of Christian grace which she diffuses. That is the spiritual atmosphere in which the story is immersed, and it proceeds from the simplicity of her interpretation of certain virtues which are more praised than practised. The idea on which her upbringing had been based arose from a misunderstanding between her mother and the man to whom she had not long been married. Natural as, in the circumstances, that misunderstanding was, the woman came to see in her deflection from the man who had wronged her a lack of charity, and aimed in the education of her daughter to implant an instinctive tenderness towards all frailty which should render possible under every provocation a different assessment of sin and the sinner. She succeeded to an admiration which makes somewhat perilously problematic what, when emerging from the seclusion of her childhood into the social stream, may be Christina's attitude towards the world's conflicting standards. She is robbed at the moment of emergence of her mother's companionship, which makes more piquant the process of "adjustment", more notable the triumph which it achieves; since the tests to which her adjustability is put are most exacting. Unknown to herself, she meets her father, under a new name, in an altered circle, and with by no means an improved reputation. His character, exceedingly difficult to render, is drawn with a convincing sympathy which does not for an instant shirk its unattractive qualities, displays them, indeed, with every spine of a rugosity which in human intercourse would have been hard to endure.

Great as must have been the strain of discovery, when it comes, on Christina's training, she endures and surmounts it unfalteringly, with a buoyancy, indeed, which does not quite carry conviction, seeming to treat a shade too easily the fundamental oppositions within her to such a man as her father was. But in an even more difficult situation, the culmination of her test, where she has to see her determination purged not of self-interest nor of unworthy fears, but of the tenderest kindness by which it might have been beguiled into a course requiring a more enduring foundation, the widening and brightening of her illumination is most delicately and surely shown. The final discrimination of her love from the glamour of pity and the protective instinct which clung about her dealings with the man she had so chivalrously befriended is defined with a subtlety which declines to accept at any point the line of least resistance in developing a solution. Her mother's method is thus justified not only by the invincible trust of a charity which sets the world's selfish judgments, even when reasonable, at defiance, but by the sane instinct of her heart, which will not defer, even at its most vulnerable moment, to the very pleading of that charity by which she sets such store. She drew her wayward father back to his old allegiance, she restored to her lover the soul from which he had become estranged, yet no readjustment for which she was responsible meant more to her than the inclination of her own heart and of the hearts about her to the influence of the light by which she had learnt to be led.

PIN-LORE.

"Pins and Pincushions." By E. D. Longman and S. Loch. London: Longmans. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS book suffers from the same faults that we have noticed in nine out of ten compilations of a similar character, unmethodical presentment of the subject, incompleteness of data and material, and general lack of precision. There is much information, and the illustrations in this quite readable if somewhat amateurish book are valuable, but there is too much omitted that would be of legitimate interest, while much is included

which is only remotely connected with the subject. Why are hairpins so scantily dealt with, since they could be treated profitably from the æsthetic, ethnographical, and historical points of view? No mention is made, for instance, of the eighteenth and nineteenth century Chinese hairpins decorated with the vivid blue feathers of the kingfisher, with their delicate tremulous pendants of fantastic design.

But the artistic side of their subject is neglected by the authors. Their historical survey is accurate as far as it goes, but it is scarcely precise and full enough to be useful to the antiquary. The terms "Palæolithic" and "Pre-historic" are used vaguely. We know of no pins before the second glacial period, and the so-called palæolithic pins are probably borers. The earliest pin was apparently a thorn, but the most ancient examples that we possess are of bone and date from the Neolithic period. Later, at different periods in different countries, according to their degree of culture, came bronze, and other metal pins. It is interesting to examine the collection of European bronze pins in the British Museum, and to compare the rough spike found in ancient British barrows, or in the Swiss Lake dwellings, with the bodkin of Anglo-Saxon or Merovingian days, with its ornamented head of crude workmanship, but often excellent design, and then again to compare these later products of Northern Europe with the finer articles of an earlier civilisation in Southern Europe, such as the gold pins found in Cyprus in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C., or the exquisite North Italian ornaments of the same period. Pre-mediæval pins vary in length from two to twelve inches; some are like skewers, others like nails. Some must have been quite formidable weapons, and were apparently used by the Roman ladies to inflict punishment, for Ovid recommends the lady who wishes to be loved, not to pierce her maid's arm with a hairpin in the presence of her lover.

There seems to be a gap both in the history and in the museum displays of pins between Anglo-Saxon days and Stuart times. At the Victoria and Albert Museum there are scarcely any exhibits of pins, save those in seventeenth-century pincushions, and one paper of pins dated 1620-1800.

Probably when the early practice of burying toilet articles and ornaments with the dead fell into disuse, through the growth of Christian enlightenment, pins were not of sufficient value to be preserved, for they were bought by the thousand in the fourteenth century, though they would be comparatively expensive according to modern notions. By this time the skewer or bodkin had probably been replaced by a smaller, neater pin made of wire, though we have Georgian examples $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. In 1833 a machine was invented, which has since been perfected, to produce pins at the rate of 180 to 220 a minute.

The most amusing chapters in this book describe the innumerable superstitions connected with pins. Even in the present day we have known an instance of the revengeful making of a wax figure stuck with pins, and placed before a fire. The authors offer no explanation of this association of pins with witchcraft. Probably it was a primitive attribution of power to metal, as in the instance of the horseshoe, which, however, may also have had a phallic significance. Needles were also of maleficent action. Ovid tells us that Medea stabbed wax figures with needles. In Hindu, Greek, and Breton legends transformations of human beings into animals are effected by placing a pin in the head. Sleep too is induced in Scandinavian and Irish legends by the prick of a thorn or a pin, or of a spindle as in Grimm's "Briar-Rose". It is easy to understand the use of any small sharp instrument as representative of the death-dealing sword, but the employment of pins as propitiations or thank-offerings to healing-wells is of less clear origin, probably a mingling of the ideas of personal association and metal influence. Pin-wells are found chiefly, as may be supposed, in the Celtic parts of Great Britain, and are still visited by pilgrims.

"POTTED PLATITUDES".

"Campaigns on the North-West Frontier." By Captain H. L. Nevill D.S.O. London: Murray. 1912. 15s.

LORD ROBERTS contributes a short foreword in approved modern fashion to this book in which he tells us that there always were and always will be causes for fighting on the North West Frontier. Therefore young officers in India should know its military history, and should try to "familiarise themselves with the conditions under which they will very probably some day have to fight, and lead their men". We doubt if the youngster who endeavours to wade through these congested pages will really become familiar with the conditions under which "he may have to fight". He will certainly get no pleasure from his task, and it is very doubtful whether he will remember much that he has read. In truth, the book is more to be regarded as an aide-mémoire or book of reference than as literature, and may be useful in that humble way. The introduction gives a short account of the geography of the region dealt with, but the treatment of the subject seems to be too sketchy for much benefit to be derived from it. Further, it is surely too much in the style of a Continental handbook of travel to supply a glossary of Hindustani words and military terms of the most elementary character. The youngster must be young and inexperienced indeed who needs thus to learn what an Abatis is, that Badmash means a bad character, Bhisti a water carrier, Ghazi a religious maniac, and Jehadd a holy war. Tulwar, tom-tom, nullah, and Sepoy were we should also have thought already sufficiently familiar to any but a youthful officer so remarkably ignorant that reading this or any other military history would not make him familiar with conditions in which he will efficiently lead his men. A vast deal of trouble has been taken in a wrong direction, if, as we are informed by the author, he hopes to remove a general "ignorance of India and its affairs which has been a standing disgrace in the past to the bulk of the British nation", and at the same time to educate young officers. The interest and attention of readers must be aroused if history is to be assimilated, and bald paragraphs full of dates and numbers will not do it. If, again, the conditions of a region are to be vividly brought before students they must be portrayed in realistic design and colouring and in very considerable detail. The special characteristics of the country must be brought out, the exact circumstances of the moment and the precise objective that was in view. It is not possible to reconstruct a situation without considerable elaboration, and we hold that unless the situation is faithfully reproduced the instruction to be derived will not be great. Nor do the comments and criticisms display such originality or acumen as to chain attention. For the most part they are simply repetitions of the instructions and principles laid down in Field Service Regulations, and equally telling illustrations could be supplied by the experiences of any and every campaign. It was not necessary to take young officers to the N.W. Frontier to tell them that a force entering a defile should be preceded by an advance guard, or that men should not go to sleep when they should be on the alert. Nor need the grand manner be assumed to tell a boy that before he commits a force to a path in an unknown country, it is as well to send a man or two ahead to reconnoitre it. We recognise the good intentions of our author, but we can scarcely congratulate him on the outcome of his work. He has given platitudes for all but the veriest tiros, and a mixture of prolixity and concentration that will bore older men. Why, when dealing with the vast number of campaigns already indicated, is it necessary to repeat that well-worn tag in which Mr. Jorrocks draws an analogy between war and hunting, or for such a periphrasis as "ample margin must be allowed for variations of that all-important factor in war called time"? What too are the "rigors (sic) of active service", and why is it necessary to enlarge on the alleged lack of originality in the "methods of the muse of History" and so forth? Space which should have

been regarded as precious is not thus economised. The critical review of all the campaigns of the first period occupies only six pages, although even the précis-like account of them has not been compressed into less than one hundred. Would it not have been better to sacrifice some of the lucubrations as to the future to rather less bald examination of the past? The glimpse into the future pleases us but little. The help to be derived from wireless telegraphy is discussed inadequately, while the effect of an apparatus for silencing the noise of a rifle is somewhat fully gone into, no mention whatever being made of the advent of a new rifle, possibly or even probably of an automatic pattern. Nor are the paragraphs devoted to the appearance of what are termed "air vessels" on the frontier very convincing. We had imagined that dirigible balloons and aeroplanes were as yet mainly useful for purposes of observation or for the dropping of high explosives. Our author however discusses them as means for conveying men to tactical points, and speaks of their "attacking inaccessible or otherwise formidable positions". No reference whatever here or in the paragraphs where the relative advantages of machines lighter and heavier than air are discussed is made to the difficulty found in getting gas-inflated airships to ascend in mountainous regions. These difficulties have proved formidable in South Africa and elsewhere, and we are surprised that no mention of them is made. As a specimen of the style the concluding sentence is fairly representative and sounds comical just now. "However efficient the army in India may be, 'The Key of India is in London', and its guardians are not only the men but the women of the British race." In short, our author is diffuse and pompous where he might be succinct, and bald and sketchy where more expansion would be welcome. However, the book will be useful in a certain way, and very commendable industry has gone to its compilation. The comments on the Tirah campaign are excellent so far as they go, while the remarks as to the action of picquets when attacked, made with reference to the Wana campaign, will meet with the approval of all soldiers of experience in the field. Errata scattered throughout the book should be noted. Thus—Lord Gough is referred to as Lord Hugh Gough (p. 402). "Field Battery Royal Horse Artillery" is clearly a clerical error, and Sir Charles Nairne is omitted from the list of those who held the position of commander-in-chief in India temporarily.

THE TEACHING OF CHURCH HISTORY.

National Society's Church History Manuals. London: National Society's Depository. 1912. 1d. each.

Why is Church history so dull? There is no lack in it of those two forces that make history good to read; great men and deep principles. Theodore, Anselm, Becket, Wolsey, and the rest—the line of these men passes through the centuries without a break. And behind them, always insistent, though taking different forms, are the eternal questions of the integrity of the Faith, and the relations of Church and State. The fault then must be with the writers. For some of them their work is only a bypath to the arena of theological strife: for others a handy peg for sermons. If only Stubbs had published his ecclesiastical as well as his constitutional researches, and Creighton done for the Archbishops what he did for the Popes, Church history would be a pleasant study, not a drudgery, and, compared with what it is now, an exact science. As it is, the result is unfortunate. Although the whole position of the English Church depends on history, ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred are grievously ignorant of the most elementary facts connected with it. Not indeed that they are to blame: they have been badly taught. From the Sunday schools to the Universities it is the same story of Church history neglected, or, when it is studied, of Church history dull or garbled. It is, therefore, no superfluous work that the National Society have undertaken in publishing a series of manuals for the use of Church teachers and children. Their author, a former Fellow of Oriel, originally wrote them for the Canterbury Diocesan Educational Society, and in the Diocese of Canterbury they are already in common use. Work of this kind is never easy. To compress several centuries of history into the few pages of a penny pamphlet,

and to make it readable, requires both learning and discrimination. On the whole, Mr. Carr has succeeded. He is always clear; no important event seems to have escaped him; his conclusions are sound. Upon two minor points there is room for criticism. First, it is difficult to understand his choice of 1170 for breaking off the third pamphlet; the Becket controversy was only one phase in a long struggle between Church and State. The second point is connected with the first, for the last phases of the controversy in the reign of Edward I. are not mentioned at all. What, however, is much more important is that he has everywhere emphasised the three unities of the English Church, its unity of existence, its unity of doctrine, and its unity of history. Upon these unities no one can insist sufficiently strongly in the present crisis. When they are once understood the case for disestablishment and disendowment, particularly of the four dioceses in Wales, falls to the ground. So much nonsense is talked and taught inside and outside Church schools, that it is reassuring to know that the circulation of these manuals is extending. Every Churchman must be made to realise that Church defence depends on Church history. The little pamphlets will not have been written in vain if they force this neglected truth into the heads of Church teachers.

FRENCH BOOKS.

"La Valeur du Spiritualisme." Par Jean Lubac. Paris: Grasset. 1912. 3f. 50c.

M. Lubac is a professor of philosophy in a lycée, but his book does not reveal the professional writer, and that is both its merit and its fault. The original conception of the work, its design and its tone possess a sincerity which only a hair's-breadth divides from freshness. The author is not only a convinced spiritualist, but a Christian, and probably a Christian with mystic tendencies. He has the believer's taste for soul culture by self-denial, charity, and sincerity. He is no slave to formulas, and is broad-minded enough to admit limitations to his own doctrine, and not condemn wholesale ideas conflicting with his own. He acknowledges the spiritual value of art, even music, a rare admission among orthodox Catholics. But whether from some idiosyncrasy or from a wish to defend himself against possible doubts he is a resolute intellectualist, and not only asserts the rights of reason, but frequently indulges in pure logic and dialectics. It is puzzling to see him—especially in the first parts of his book—pass abruptly from the notions familiar to readers of Emerson, Novalis, and the other spiritualists to cut-and-dried classical demonstrations. He is like nine in ten theologians with real religious belief: he disdains logic whenever he is in a purely religious mood, and extols it the moment he deals with sceptics, even with pragmatists. Yet his natural bent should incline him towards intuitionism. It is easy to perceive that he is by no means indifferent to the rapid and easy inference so well known to the mystics, and so admirably described by Newman in the "Grammar of Assent". The uncertainty between the two methods joined to insufficient powers of expression gives something tentative to the work. Yet its evident honesty and the care with which it has been done, above all, the undercurrent of happiness we feel in every page, endow it with a human value and charm, and which makes it superior in this respect to many a more brilliant achievement.

"Les Criminels Peints par Eux-Mêmes." Par Raymond Hesse. Paris: Grasset. 1912. 3f. 50c.

I am surprised that M. Hesse, who is a distinguished barrister, has written, and M. Grasset, who is a distinguished publisher, has published this volume. The object of the author was evidently to contribute definite observations towards a psychology of the criminal. But the documents chosen and the illustrations border on the gratuitously sensational. It is plain that M. Hesse—as most barristers who turn authors—aims at nothing higher than being readable. A considerable medical authority, Professor Grasset, contributes an introduction in which he maintains his firm conviction that a great many criminals are entirely responsible, but M. Hesse has not produced a single document in which the murderers speak of themselves otherwise than as unfortunate victims of destiny or proud heroes, and the effect on the reader is irresistible: men of this sort, he infers, must be abnormal. Under such circumstances there is little profit in renewing acquaintance with monsters and horrible crimes the occasional narration of which in the newspapers is quite sufficiently sickening.

"Dante." Par H. Hauvette. Paris: Hachette. 1912. 3f. 50c.

This book is an unpretending introduction to the study of the "Divina Commedia", by a man who knows Dante

and mediæval Italy admirably. The description of the historical circumstances in which the poem was composed, and the analysis of the plan and characters of the "*Divina Commedia*", leave nothing to be desired in point of method, fulness, and perspicuity. But the sketch of Dante's life which connects these two parts is dry and cold. The author never forgets that he is writing a text-book, and his style, too often commonplace, occasionally falls into the slipshod. Modern critics seem to kill deliberately all the human elements in their works. M. Hauvette sums up all the chief productions of Dante in the course of his work, but one regrets not to find the old-fashioned *liste raisonnée* of Dante's productions in an appendix. The student ought to be told more about the paraphrases of the Creed and Psalms which are not negligible in a study of Dante's theological tendency.

"*L'Exotisme Américain dans la Littérature Française au XVIème Siècle.*" Par Gilbert Chinard. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 3f. 50c.

The author of this book is one of a little band of well-trained French scholars teaching in the American universities and trying to substitute a more human treatment of literature for the German methods too generally in use so far. He knows a great deal, writes well, and views his subject with a breadth of outlook which the title of his book does not quite lead us to anticipate. For it is not merely the allusions to America and the "savages" which we find in Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, etc., that are examined by M. Chinard, but the gradual development of a great modern idea, and a great modern way of feeling. The idea is the transformation of the old prejudices that savages were sorcerers into the certainty that they were, on the contrary, unalloyed types of human goodness, which, passing through the literary handling of Voltaire in the "*Ingénu*" and Rousseau in "*Emile*", led straight to the philosophy of the Revolution. The way of feeling is that which is called exotism, and has found its most complete exponent in Loti. A narrative by a Protestant missionary of the sixteenth century, Léry, recalls strikingly the horrible festival in honour of Hussein, so admirably told in "*Vers Ispahan*."

"*Le Duc de Bourbon et l'Angleterre.*" Par Jean Dureng. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 10f.

This volume is one of the numerous contributions to the diplomatic history of France conceived after the method, or in imitation of M. Emile Bourgeois. It covers the years 1723-1726. The situation of France at the death of the Duke of Orleans when the Duke of Bourbon took the reins was somewhat similar to a very recent period of French history. The country dreaded the idea of a war, and the whole effort of the successive Governments was to ward it off by alliances and treaties. The Anglo-French entente of those days is well known. The aim of M. Dureng is professedly to point out the relations of the Duke of Bourbon with the Government of Walpole, but although making considerable use of the English documents, he wanders away from his text, and gives us little more than a rather disconnected narrative of the Duke's ministry, the failure of which he thinks was caused not so much by incapacity as by untoward coincidences. The narrative of the mission of Horace Walpole to Paris is interesting.

"*Les Communes Françaises: À l'Époque des Capétiens directs.*" Par A. Luchaire. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 10f.

The first edition of this well-known work dates from 1890. M. Luchaire had had as predecessors in the same field Augustin Thierry and M. Giry, the former treating the subject in his usual brilliant manner, the latter going into it much more critically and cautiously. With the assistance of Giry's works, and employing the same method, M. Luchaire had been able to reconsider Augustin Thierry's theories and frame a system of his own, undoubtedly much nearer the facts. But since 1890 a Belgian historian, M. H. Pirenne, applying his knowledge of economics to the history of the communes, has given predominance to the commercial and industrial factors in their development, and considerably emphasised a statement on which M. Luchaire had not thought himself warranted to enlarge. This accounts for the introduction prefixed by M. Halphen to this reimpression of "*Les Communes Françaises*", in which he points out the progress made in the last twenty years. However, it does not seem that the main points of M. Luchaire's books have been contradicted, and whenever we hear M. Halphen hinting that the work has been supplemented, we find that it is on distinctly minor issues. This reimpression comes at the right moment if we view it from a political rather than a scientific standpoint. Nowadays when so much is heard about decentralisation, the phrase frequently repeated in the course of the work, "*les villes françaises*", has a remarkable sound, and opens up wide vistas. It will be interesting

also to notice that the alliance of the King and the Third State, so long a commonplace in historical text-books, is not borne out by the history of the Communes.

"*La Révolution.*" Par Louis Madelin. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 3f.

This volume belongs to a series—*l'Histoire de France racontée à Tous*—half-way between the school manuals and the great collective "*Histoire de France*", also published by Hachette, under the direction of M. Lavis. Previous volumes on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been contributed by M. Jacques Boulenger and M. Stryenski, and the direction is in the hands of M. Funck-Brentano. These names mean erudition but a lighter treatment than in the larger series. M. Funck-Brentano, as is well known, is the rival of M. Lenôtre in anecdotic history, which, however, is history and not merely anecdotes. The present volume is characteristically in this spirit. M. Madelin has already written a monograph of Fouché, and an interesting description of Rome under Napoleon, and he possesses the revolutionary period in its details. His evident object in "*La Révolution*" is to divide the great epic into its episodes, and throw as much light as possible on each with representative traits. The erudition used is enormous without any display, and the work is as picturesque as well informed. The faults are slovenly writing, a lack of finish in the arrangement, and a sort of panting in the narration, which betrays hurried composition without, however, suggesting uncertainty.

"*La Graine au Vent.*" Par Jean Nesmy. Paris: Grasset. 1912. 3f. 50c.

Jean Nesmy is the pseudonym of a distinguished woman one previous novel of whom, "*La Lumière de la Maison*", has revealed remarkable powers of emotion and expression. The present volume of short stories recalls Mary Wilkins, but a French Mary Wilkins with cheerfulness and even mischievousness instead of New England earnestness relieved by humour and poetry. Jean Nesmy is poetic, too, but her poetry is that of the sunny window with a bright girl's face behind the flower-pots on the sill, not that of the lonely farmhouse garden. The style of these stories is excellent, both nimble and expressive.

"*Alfred de Vigny.*" Par F. Baldensperger. Paris: Hachette. 1912. 3f. 50c.

It was long the fashion to explain a man's—especially a poet's—writings by his life and emotional experiences. This method has proved more than once not only ineffectual but misleading, and the slower, more patient and undoubtedly safer process consisting in searching contemporary literature for points of contact is gaining favour every day. In the case of a poet so reticent about himself as A. de Vigny, an inquiry of this kind appears indispensable. M. Baldensperger points out very curious similitudes between Joseph de Maistre, J. P. Richter, Thomas Moore (in Madame Belloc's translation) and Vigny, and his deductions are generally difficult to challenge.

"*Les Frontières du Cœur.*" Par Victor Margueritte. Paris: Fasquelle. 1912. 3f. 50c.

The position adopted by M. Margueritte in this novel is radical. Even the most devoted husband and wife will be divided, the writer thinks, if they do not belong to the same nationality, and war is declared between their respective countries. The exaggeration of the thesis is surprising, even in the author of "*Les Tronçons du Glaive*", and shows how strong is the patriotic reaction France has witnessed in the last few years. Zola's "*Débâcle*" would be impossible to-day. As a novel, "*Les Frontières du Cœur*" is evidently the work of an experienced writer, but, as is too common nowadays, the author is content with placing his heroes in a dramatic and inevitably exciting situation, and trusts to the reader to give them life and individuality. This is cleverness, not art.

"*Choses de France vues d'Italie.*" Par J. Carabelli de la Tour. Paris: Floury. 1911. 2f. 50c.

An interesting though rather desultory book by a woman who spent most of her life in Rome, and could peep behind the scenes on several important occasions. The connexion between the change in the Papal policy and the relations between the present Pope and Crispi is described in a lucid manner.

"*Chateaubriand: Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.*" Pages choisies par Victor Giraud. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 3f. 50c.

Chateaubriand's "*Mémoires*" are his most interesting work. The wonderful story of his youth at Combourg, of his life in England as a poor émigré, later on of his return

there as an ambassador, his life in Rome, his political successes and failures, his travels, his sentimental adventures, make up an extraordinary work, which, ill-composed as it is, one cannot give up when one has fairly begun it. Add to its human interest that the author has seen the passage of France from old to new times, and possesses keen political acumen. The "Mémoires" are the work of a statesman and a poet. Unfortunately, they were written in a most desultory manner, and certainly need editing. M. Giraud has an exceptional knowledge of Chateaubriand's life and works, and was sure to give us only the best of the "Mémoires". The faults of his excerpts, as of almost all excerpts, is that they are too numerous, and make the book inevitably look halting.

"France and the French." By Charles Tawbarn. London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

This book is the result of a ten years' residence in France, during which the author has undoubtedly been observant and painstaking, and has even in a certain degree remained more critical than one generally is after a sojourn of such duration in a foreign country. It contains a considerable mass of instructive matter which is never weakened by undue development, and is presented as judiciously as is in the power of the writer. A great many of Mr. Dawbarn's assertions are facts, and have the value of facts. His mistakes are almost invariably errors in interpretation, or omissions. More than one English reader will stare, and more than one Frenchman will laugh, when he reads that Mr. Dawbarn sees the French reserved, taciturn, and even sad, and yet it is true that the French are more serious than they used to be, at least they appear to be, although the old undercurrent of taking nothing seriously which they have in common with the Irish still runs between their appearance and their subconsciousness. Mr. Dawbarn explains this gravity by the memories of 1870, but the money-making wave, the fear of Socialism, and generally the melancholy side of materialism could account for it much better. Mr. Dawbarn has never learnt the trade of book-writing. If he had been more familiar with Mr. Bodley's "France" he would have realised the superiority of its method, and felt that scrappiness and indifference to arrangement will never result in qualities or pass for naturalness.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Avril.

M. Ollivier, writing with a precision and verve extraordinary for a man of his years, contributes an account of the battle of Woerth, the first great German victory of 1870. As he points out, this great and murderous struggle first told the world that the French Army was not invincible. But the numbers of the Germans were two to one, and their artillery was vastly superior to the French. MacMahon ought not to have allowed the French Army to engage at all; but, when battle was once joined, it is not easy to see how he could have done better, though he should have retreated earlier, and thereby saved more of his forces. The famous cavalry charges were useless, and resulted in horrible slaughter. Faillly could have arrived early in the afternoon, and then MacMahon would have won. M. Ollivier attributes the defeat rightly to the incompetence and lack of foresight of the General Staff, the three armies of MacMahon. Faillly, and Douay should have been so placed that they could help one another, and not spread over 150 miles. In this battle the French had 10,000 killed and the Germans 10,500, including 489 officers and two Generals.

THE ARMY REVIEW.

The "Army Review" contains a memorandum by Sir John French, the new chief of the Imperial General Staff, to which we alluded last week. It is a somewhat platitudinous production of no special interest. But Major-General Robertson's final address to the officers of the Senior Division of the Staff College, also published, is worthy of attention. In plain, straightforward language the new Commandant of the Staff College outlines very sensibly the rules which should guide a Staff officer in carrying out his duties. He reminds them that a Staff officer is not the General; and although in practice he may occasionally have much in his power, he must be careful to prevent this becoming known, and act as if he were simply the mouthpiece of his General. Very rightly also he lays down that if an officer is excitable by temperament, he must curb his manner. Verbal reports should be impassive in style, and on active service the Staff officer who gives them "should always look as jolly and unconcerned as if engaged on an ordinary field-day".

For this Week's Books see pages 534 and 536.

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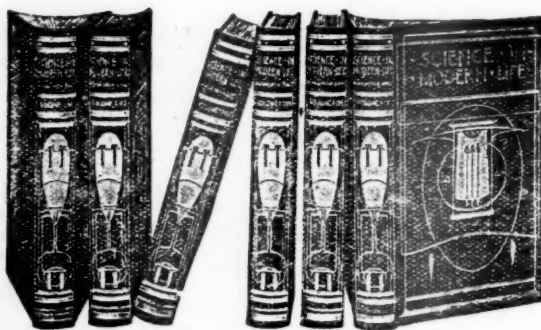
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INCREASE IN RECEIPTS.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Calcutta Tramways Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, Mr. E. C. Morgan (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Briefly, it will be seen that, whilst the gross receipts in 1911 exceeded those of 1910 by £16,000, the expenses have been greater by £8,000, leaving a net increase in receipts of £8,000. It may be noticed that under capital account No. 2 a further amount of £10,439 has been expended, which consists almost entirely of cost of new cars and equipment rendered necessary by our expanding business, and, as no fresh capital has been raised, this account shows an overplus balance of £37,612, which has been provided by revenue, pending the time when the continued expansion of our business may render the readjustment of our capital account needful. This brings me to the point of the alterations which are to take place in Calcutta, due to the creation by Government of a new trust, whose business it is to make such changes as they may consider are required by the difficulties which now exist in the housing question in Calcutta. To carry out these improvements they are granted very full powers by Government to open new and convenient thoroughfares and alter the existing main arteries in the city by realignment and widening where required. Speaking generally, I think I may claim that our efforts have brought about a great improvement in the condition of our company, that its position to-day is better than it ever has been in every way, and that the organisation now established gives us reasonable ground for looking forward with confidence to still further improvement. It was at first thought that the removal of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi would prejudicially affect our traffic; but it is now generally recognised that this is not likely to be the case, and we believe that the steady improvement in our business will in no way be affected by the change. I now beg to propose: "That the directors' report and statement of accounts for December 31, 1911, as submitted to this meeting, be received and adopted."

Sir Henry Kimber, Bart., M.P., in seconding the motion, said he was happy to be able to corroborate what the Chairman had said as to the strength of the company's present position and its prospects. Having occasion to be in Calcutta at a conference on railway matters, he took the opportunity of inspecting the principal parts of their system, including the power houses, and of interviewing their excellent chief officers. He was very much pleased with the power houses. The single fact that they had carried 3,000,000 more passengers in the past year than in the previous one was alone a testimony to the excellence of the company's system and its applicability to the wants of the people.

The motion was adopted unanimously. The Chairman then moved a resolution that the proposed final dividend on the ordinary shares of 4s. 6d. per share for the half-year ended December 31, 1911, making, with the 2s. 6d. per share interim dividend, a total for 1911 of 7 per cent., be declared, such dividend to be paid on April 26, free of income tax.

Mr. John G. B. Stone seconded the resolution, and it was carried.

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PALACE HOTEL.

COMPANY'S IMPROVED POSITION.

THE ordinary annual general meeting of the Palace Hotel, Limited, was held on Wednesday, Mr. Eugene Cremetti (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: The figures in the profit and loss account show an improvement on those of the previous year. The hotel receipts have improved by £2619 2s. 9d., whilst there is a decrease on the working expenses of £2894 18s., leaving a gross profit of £15,439 1s. 9d., against £9925 1s. of last year. These figures, ladies and gentlemen, are so far very satisfactory, especially considering the slump in business during the Coronation, and also the number of workmen in the hotel on the alterations and additions which we were compelled to carry out by the London County Council. You will see that we have provided against the exceptional expenditure by transferring £10,400 from the profit and loss account to general reserve account. We could have created a suspense account, and written off the amount over a period of, say, three or four years, but we considered it much better to get rid of the amount at once and get the Company on a sound financial basis. Unfortunately, the money expended on the alterations will not benefit the revenue account, but visitors will no doubt feel more comfortable when they see the new fire-escape staircase and know that every precaution is taken in case of fire. A very expensive part of the alterations was pulling down all the woodwork enclosing the service lifts and replacing it with teak, this being part of the requisition of the London County Council. We considered it a good opportunity to electrify all the lifts, thereby obtaining a better service. In fact, this alteration will give, and has already given, great satisfaction to our visitors. I now come to an item which has received very careful consideration on the part of your directors. I refer to the resolution which will be put forward for the reduction of the capital. Sir William Plender prepared a scheme which we considered a very fair one, and a meeting of the largest shareholders was called to obtain their views. The meeting, on the whole, was in favour of the scheme, with an amendment, which has been embodied in the scheme now before you. You would no doubt like me to answer the question which will naturally arise in your minds as to how it is that the Company's property has come to be so much reduced in value. The answer is that when the Company was formed, and the Empress Rooms built, it stood in a class entirely by itself, but since then competing establishments have, as you know, come into existence, and although your property has been maintained at the highest standard the increase of competition has greatly reduced its earning capacity. To show that we are not alone in having a heavy depreciation to face, I have compared the market value of the shares of some other hotel companies at the date when this Company was brought out with their value to-day, and, by way of example, I find that the Gordon Hotels £10 Ordinary shares, when this Company was brought out, stood at a market price of £20, and now stand at between £2 and £3. The Savoy Hotel £10 Ordinary shares, which stood at £16, now stand at between £5 and £6. These examples you could, of course, multiply if it were worth while doing so, but at all events they show that this Company is not alone in having a heavy fall in value to deal with. As the largest shareholder in this Company, I consider this scheme the very best to put the Company's affairs on a good financial basis, and to resume the payment of dividends almost at once. My holding is over £15,000 in this Company, in Ordinary and Preference shares, and other members of my family hold a great many Ordinary and Preference shares and Debentures. This alone ought to convince you of my belief in the scheme, which I strongly recommend you to accept. Moreover, the fact of the scheme having been thought out by Sir William Plender should give you sufficient confidence that it is the one and only thing to do to save this Company. I am gratified to say that the response from the shareholders, in support of the scheme, has been most satisfactory.

Captain W. Cleather Gordon seconded the resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts, which was carried unanimously.

The ordinary business of the meeting having been transacted, the Chairman proposed a resolution reducing the capital of the Company from £200,000, divided into 10,000 Five and a-Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each and 10,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each, to £100,000, divided into 50,000 Four and a-Half per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each and 20,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each.

Mr. Stevens seconded the resolution, and, after certain criticisms of the scheme, an amendment for the adjournment of the meeting was lost, and the original resolution was thereupon put to the meeting and declared carried. For the purpose of enabling the Company to submit the result to the Court it was deemed necessary to take a poll, and this was accordingly demanded.

It was subsequently announced that the poll had resulted as follows:—At the ordinary general meeting: in favour of the scheme 10,353; against 797; at the Preference shareholders' meeting: in favour 5,100; against 173; the requisite majority thus being obtained in each case.

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